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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Little Election

A NEW hope seems to have filled the Conservative Party following last week's "little general election," the by-elections held to fill vacancies in the seats of Argyll, Ealing South, Weston, St Helen's and Wigan. Party representation in these constituencies did not change, although there was considerable change in the pattern of voting compared with the General Election. Again the Conservatives lost heavily in four of the five electorates. But in one—St Helen's—they gained, reducing a Labour General Election majority from almost 16,000 votes to almost 12,000 votes.

Again, Liberal candidates polled well and in the Argyll seat, wrested second place from the Labour candidate even though the Liberal Party did not contest the seat in the last General Election. Commentators feel that although the Liberals did not manage to gain a seat as they did when Mr Mark Bonham Carter recently won Torrington, the Party have the satisfaction of having substantially increased their poll in the three constituencies they chose to contest.

### Smaller Swing

AN interesting feature of the "little election," however, was that not only was the swing against the Government smaller than at previous by-elections, but for the first time voting showed that the Liberal intervention represented possibly as serious a threat to Labour as to the Government.

According to the right-wing Daily Telegraph political observers are reported to have said that if "any common pattern is discernible in the results it is encouraging to the Government," and again "support for the Government is clearly on the upgrade. Ministers are entitled to feel that the climb will become easier as the benefits of a rigorous economic and industry policy become more and more apparent to electors."

These comments will undoubtedly provoke resonant cheers from party supporters but others will regard them as rash and will prefer to wait until there are more substantial indications of a recovery in Government stocks.

# Khrushchev In Control

## Tough New Policy Towards West Expected

London, June 20. Authoritative Moscow dispatches reported Nikita Khrushchev's one-man rule was fully consolidated today after a secret meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee.

## He's Still Without A Job

Paris, June 20. M. Jacques Soustelle, former Governor-General of Algeria, today sidetracked a question of what post he will eventually be given by Premier General Charles de Gaulle by replying: "The question of persons is not interesting, especially when the issue is myself."

M. Soustelle, who slipped out of Paris and went to Algiers shortly after the National Safety Committee was set up there last month, added: "I am at General de Gaulle's disposal."

## Ban To Stay

Washington, June 20. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas today refused to lift a ban preventing the crew of the ketch Golden Rule from sailing into the Pacific nuclear testing area.—Reuter.

## State Loan

Paris, June 20. M. Antoine Pinay, General de Gaulle's Finance Minister, reported to a cabinet meeting today that the state loan pegged to gold launched last Tuesday was even more successful than had been hoped.—Reuter.

Tunis, June 20. Tunisia and Morocco tonight announced their intention of pooling their diplomatic representation in certain countries and harmonizing their positions at world conferences.—Reuter.

## HAMMARSKJOLD'S MID-EAST TOUR

## To Visit Cairo For Talks

United Nations, June 20. United Nations Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjöld, is to visit Cairo for discussions on the United Nations Emergency Force and other questions, it was announced here today in an official communique. The communique said that Hammarskjöld would leave Beirut for Amman and Jerusalem tomorrow, and would return there



for final talks with the U.N. observer team on Monday and Tuesday.—France-Presse.

## ARMY GETS TOUGH IN LEBANON

Beirut, June 20. The Lebanese Army, incensed by the killing of two soldiers in west Beirut today, tonight ordered its men to flatten any house in which they found rebel snipers operating.

## PENNEY FOR GENEVA CONFERENCE

London, June 20. The British Foreign Office announced today that it would send experts to the projected nuclear control conference at Geneva July 1.

The conference, initiated by President Eisenhower, will be the first East-West meeting on disarmament issues since the arms cut talks broke down last summer.

The Geneva conference will be a "technical" meeting to determine the means and the scope of nuclear control. The Foreign Office said it has appointed as its chief representative Sir William Penney, and John Cockcroft, both among Britain's foremost nuclear experts and both members of the Atomic Energy Authority.—U.P.I.

A statement from the Ministry of Defence said that two houses from which snipers killed two soldiers early today had been destroyed with heavy weapons.

The statement added: "We have noted that some members of the security forces have recently been killed by snipers' bullets. We have therefore ordered security forces to use the appropriate weapons to silence these rebel snipers and to destroy the houses in which they hide."

### OBSERVERS

Observers here interpreted this statement as a sign that the Army, after four weeks of containing the rebels in Beirut, had decided to take a much tougher line.

The two houses destroyed today were near Beirut's "Prison of the Sands," between the town and the airport. They were destroyed after a clash between rebels and Army units, who used armoured cars and tanks.

The Ministry of Defence also announced another battle at Zaabek, the ancient Roman "City of the Sun" in the Bekaa valley. The clash began this morning and lasted until noon.—Reuter.

## STUDENTS STONE RUSSIAN EMBASSY

Bonn, June 20. Hungarian students threw stones and ink-wells through the windows of the Soviet Embassy here tonight in a demonstration protesting against the executions of Hungarian revolutionary leaders.

Stem-faced German police charged the demonstrators with rubber batons and drove the estimated 400 students away from the Embassy building after the 20-minute flare-up. They arrested 19 of the students, setting off a second clash as the others demanded the release of their fellow-colleagues.

### PORTRAITS

The Hungarian students, and some West German friends, collected here from Aachen, Hamburg, Hanover and other cities with placards, black-ribboned Hungarian flags and large portraits of revolutionary Premier Imre Nagy and General Pál Malotkai. A 150-man police force, apparently forewarned of the demonstration, had taken up posts around the Soviet Embassy.

The students paraded around the closely-knit police lines waving placards with such slogans as "Soviet murderers—we do not forget the death of Imre Nagy and Pál Malotkai." "The West negotiates—the Soviet murders." "Soviet guarantees—certain death!" and "Today the Soviets murder in Hungary—where tomorrow?"—U.P.I.

## Information Money

Kuala Lumpur, June 20. The Malaysian Government paid a total of \$118,972 Straits for information leading to the capture or killing of Communist terrorists last month.—Reuter.

## Rain At Last

Patna, June 20. A six-week heat wave over Bihar state, which has claimed the lives of 372 people was broken today with heavy rainfall.—Reuter.

# Makarios Rejects Britain's 3-Nation Rule For Cyprus

Athens, June 20. Archbishop Makarios, exiled Greek-Cypriot leader, today rejected Britain's plan for three "nation partnership" rule in Cyprus.

He said the Cyprus problem was a matter between the British Government and the people of Cyprus and he was "always ready for bilateral talks...for a genuine democratic constitution of self-government."

Britain had invited Greece and Turkey to join her in an "adventure in partnership" in settling the future of Cyprus.

### Replying

Archbishop Makarios was replying to a letter from Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, about the new British plan.

The Archbishop's reply continued: "We cannot consider the proposed plan as one that could be accepted...the idea of partnership which forms the basis of the plan and which in substance imposes a triple condominium on Cyprus is wholly unacceptable."

The reply also said: "We do not reject a transitional stage of self-government. The question of Cyprus, however, is a matter which concerns the British Government on the one side and the people of Cyprus on the other."

### Delivered

The reply was delivered to the British Embassy here today after being finalised by the Embassy Counsellors headed by the Archbishop, exiled leader of the Enosis ("Union with Greece") movement in Cyprus.

Explaining his objections, Archbishop Makarios wrote the British plan "runs counter to the fundamental and inalienable right of the people of Cyprus to self-determination."

"The main provisions of this plan destroy the unity of the Cypriot people; they constitutionally sanction its division into two and unavoidably lead to antagonism and strife, thereby creating a focus of permanent unrest and a threat to peace in the whole area."—Reuter.

## My Wedding Wasn't A Secret

London, June 21. Cantonese singer Lian-shin Yang denied today that her wedding to English actor, John Stone at a London registry office last February was intended to be secret.

She said: "It was a quiet wedding—but certainly not in secret."

But her mother Mrs Yang in Hongkong was one of the few people who knew the "secret". She sent Lian-shin a Chi Pao—a Chinese style wedding gown—for the ceremony at the Chelsea Registry Office.

### LOTUS HEART

Lian-shin (It means lotus heart) spent a two-day honeymoon in Paris before returning to complete her part in the film "Imm Of The Sixth Happiness" starring the late Robert Donat and Ingrid Bergman.

Her husband John is better known to English television as the dashing Major Mike Anson of the "Destination Downing Street" series. He is now appearing in the new American play "Honour Bright."

Lian-shin, who studied in London, in Paris and in Rome, and sings in five European languages as well as five Chinese dialects expects to film in Hongkong soon.

Said Lotus Heart of her new husband: "I have known him for years—and I love his 'Chinese' modesty."—Express.

## IKE WONDERS ALOUD

Washington, June 20. President Eisenhower paid an unscheduled visit to Mount Vernon today and wondered aloud if anyone ever questioned George Washington's integrity for accepting a gift sword.

Eisenhower stopped at Washington's home on the way back to the capital from a defence conference at Quantico, Virginia.

In touring the colonial home, he called attention to a sword given to Washington by a German admiral, Theophilus Alte. "Do you suppose they investigated him (Washington) for getting that present?" Eisenhower said in a loud voice heard by nearby newsmen.—U.P.I.

# De Gaulle Under Fire In Algeria

Algiers, June 20. General Charles de Gaulle was sharply criticised at a stormy session of the Committee of Public Safety here tonight for his agreement with Tunis to withdraw 7,000 French troops from there. He also came under fire for his decision to bring the Socialist leader, M. Guy Mollet, with him on his next visit to Algiers in July. Last time M. Mollet, then Prime

Minister set foot in Algiers he was pelted with ripe tomatoes. General Raoul Salan, General de Gaulle's Delegate-General, who rarely attends meetings of the Committee was at tonight's three-hour session. It is understood he made a spirited defence of the French military agreement to withdraw troops from Tunis—leaving 16,000 in Bizerta. Some members of the Committee insisted that with-

drawals would make it easier for Algerian insurgents forced to use Tunis as an operational base.

General Salan apparently assured the Committee—which regards itself as the guardian of the spirit of the May 13 rising—that guarantees to show hostility to him on his visit to Algeria. After a three-hour session the Committee adjourned the discussion on M. Mollet until tomorrow.—Reuter.

member of the "old political system."

In his defence, other members said M. Mollet, now Minister of State, was a key figure in the Cabinet because of his influence with the labour unions. They held it would be a grave mistake to show hostility to him on his visit to Algeria.

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Use our Overseas Delivery Plan. Order here and take delivery where you wish. Sales and Service in 182 Countries.  
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The World Famous Sherry  
SPAIN'S BEST  
the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain—and of course over here



## KING'S PRINCESS

### FINAL TO-DAY



Opens To-morrow  
GUY MADISON in "THE HARD MAN"

**KING'S** TO-MORROW  
AT 11.00 A.M.  
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL  
TECHNICOLOR-CARTOONS  
At Reduced Admission

## PRINCESS

### SPECIAL WEEK-END MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.00 noon — 20th Century-Fox's  
"The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit"

Starring  
Gregory Peck — Jennifer Jones — Fredric March  
in CinemaScope — Colour by Do Luxe

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Paramount presents  
"POPEYE THE SAILOR"

Technicolor Cartoon Variety Programme

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox present  
Danny Kaye — Gene Tierney — Corinne Calvet in  
"ON THE RIVIERA"

Colour by Technicolor

Morning Show Admission: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

**Lee & Astor**  
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## SHOWING TO-DAY

### SPECIAL TIMES AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

**CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE**

WHEN WOMEN WENT TO WAR, SHE WAS THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL...

**VIRGINIA MCKENNA**  
**PAUL SCOFFED**

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW  
LEE THEATRE  
At 12.00 Noon  
TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS  
from Fox

ASTOR THEATRE  
At 11.00 a.m.  
CHINESE COLOUR  
CARTOONS  
At 12.30 p.m.  
"BROKEN LANCE"

## ROXY & BROADWAY

• **SHOWING TO-DAY** •  
Please note change of times:  
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.  
The exploits of COMMANDER CRABB The Frogman  
filmed in the depths of the Mediterranean!

Laurence HARVEY · Dawn ADDAMS  
John CLEMENTS · Michael CRAIG

## Silent Enemy

Distributed by LION INTERNATIONAL FILMS  
A 20th Century-Fox Release  
BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow. Extra Performance of  
"THE SILENT ENEMY" At 12.15 p.m.  
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon Dean Martin Jerry Lewis in "MONEY FROM HOME"  
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

# FILMS Current and Coming

## by Lucy Downing

**COURAGE** beyond the normal limits of human endurance and an energetic brand of bravery which has become almost a legend, are the themes of two true-life stories presented to film-goers this weekend.

In "Carve Her Name With Pride" appearing at the Lee and Astor, courage of the most moving kind is contained in the fully-authenticated story of Mrs. Violette Szabo, the first Englishwoman to be awarded the George Cross for her services during the last war.

The bravery is found in "The Silent Enemy," thrilling film of the wartime exploits of Commander Lionel Crabb in the Mediterranean, who carried out a British frogman war with Italian frogmen. This gripping action film is showing at the Roxy and Broadway. It will

appeal to all who love a hero and a handsome one too. The heroine of "Carve Her Name With Pride" was an ordinary young woman Violette Szabo, a Dixon shopgirl, who played convincingly with slight Cockney accent by Virginia McKenna. Her father (a workman) had married a Frenchwoman (Denise Grey) during the First World War. Their daughter, a lively likable girl and fine athlete, has two admirers over the average English girl. She is a crack shot and speaks French fluently.

Her meeting in a London park with a charming Free French officer, Lieutenant Edouard Szabo, whom she takes home for "le quatorze juillet" celebrations to please her mother, and their delicately blossoming romance, are delightful parts of this gripping film. But tragedy follows swiftly. Within two years

Violette has lost her husband and is a widow with a baby daughter. At the Pension Bureau she is interviewed and asked if she would join a secret British organization designed to help French resistance. She knows she is risking her life, but she joins, training as a parachutist, learns judo, lethal tricks of the Commandos and how to use a Sten gun.

After intensive training and with a secret which almost estranges her parents, Violette is dropped by parachute with another British agent (Paul Schofield) into occupied France, where she contacts survivors of a Resistance group and plots on orders which result in the destruction of a viaduct. The mission completed, she has a brief shopping spell in Paris and returns to England with a Molynex gown and a very special dress for her little daughter.

The re-union in the Brixton home and tender moments with the uncomprehending child contrast strongly with the grim. But trained agents are valuable and service and Violette returns to France. There is much to be done. Her work is again with the French Underground. This time, luck is against her. She gets caught in a battle with German troops, accounts for some of them single-handed, and is captured. In France goal she is subjected to humiliation and torture but refuses to reveal a certain secret code. A journey to the Ravensbrück firing squad is her pathetic end, save for the glorious spirit which has not been quenched.

King George VI received Violette's daughter in the dress from Paris at a postwar investiture at Buckingham Palace and handed her the George Cross, awarded posthumously to the first woman to receive it. The film is a film to see and to remember.

William Fairchild wrote the screenplay and directed the film which was produced at Shepperton Studios in England and on location in Gibraltar.

TECHNICAL advice to ensure authenticity for

And Here's A

Preview

EVERY time I get all

stamped up with in-

signation about a bad or a

disgusting film some one is

sure to write to me and

say:—

"If you hated it all that much

why did you give it so much

publicity?"

Well, that is the basic dilem-

ma of a critic. It is not my job

to drive people into the cinemas

to see a film which I think is

good. Neither is it my job to

keep them away from something

which I think is appalling.

All you can expect from me is

a good, downright, honest

opinion, and whether, as a

result, you queue at the box

office to stay home with the

telety is up to you. This is still

a free country, isn't it?

Anyway, here I go again this

week giving a large amount of

space to one of the most

revolting pictures I have seen

for years.

I do so because it opened with

a splashy world premiere in

the West End and Mr. J.

Arthur Rank will soon be circu-

lating it to the part of Britain

through his chain of cinemas.

I wish he was not, but that is

his business, not mine.

**The formula**

DRACULA is a horror film

made by a shrewd Englishman

named James Carreras who

seems to have cornered the

world market in successful

cinematic nausea.

"We've found a formula for

spine-chillers that never

misses," says Mr. Carreras. "All

the other boys in the horror

business are busy beating their

brains out trying to think of

new monstrosities to frighten

their customers—Things from

outer space, Creatures from

another world, Two-headed men

and faceless women.

But Carreras has found out

what does. He tells his

thriller's around ordinary people.

"You make the villain of your

story look just like the good-

looking man, or the pretty girl,

you might see on the street.

Strangely enough," he says,

"You imagine you could trust

him anywhere. Then suddenly,

when you find yourself alone

with him—what! he starts to

do terrible, awful, ghastly

things."

by Leonard Mosley

## NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

### SHOWING

LEE & ASTOR: "Carve Her Name With Pride." A great film directed by Lewis Gilbert. Produced by Daniel M. Angel. Screenplay by Lewis Gilbert and Vernon Harris. Based on book by R. J. Minney. Photographed by John Wilcox. Music by William Alwyn. British Rank Film Distribution. Violette Szabo, Virginia McKenna; Tony Fraser, Paul Schofield; Violette's father, Jack Warner; her mother, Denise Grey; and others. True story, thus detailed roles given. Story of woman agent for British forces. Shop girl at 19, war widow at 21, dead in German concentration camp at 23. Awarded George Cross. Made with restraint, showing indolent cheer away from mock heroics. Moving, inspiring, yet pitiful. A film that will remain in one's memory.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Silent Enemy." A fine film dedicated to the memory of Commander Lionel Crabb and frogmen of all nations who died beneath the sea during the last war. A story of gallant heroism in combating mysterious dangers in the green depths of the Mediterranean. Strong cast headed by Lawrence Harvey, Dawn Addams, John Clements and Michael Craig. Twentieth Century production, written and directed by William Fairchild. In a depiction of a book by Marshall Pugh. STAR & METROPOLE: "Day of the Badman." Quick trigger justice administered by Frontier Judge, Fred McMurtry. A man of unwavering principles dedicates his life to law. John Wilcox and sabotage by John Ericson. A film of suspense, impending doom and violent action in colour and Cinemascope. Made by Universal-International. HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Underwater Warrior." An MGM epic of U.S. Navy frogmen and their operations during World War II. Thrilling close-ups of underwater work, among enemy shipping and planting of limpet bombs. Starring Dan Dailly and Claire Kelly.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Long Haul." A hard-driving drama against mob control, featuring Victor Mature and British blonde Diana Dors. They are teamed in Columbia Pictures' film of gangsterism in the trucking industry, filmed in the North of England and Scotland, under the direction of Ken Hughes. Although thrills are claimed to be non-stop, there is sufficient time for romantic dalliance of another sort doubtless.

### COMING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "10 North Frederick." Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi and Suzy Parker acting in John O'Hara's best-selling story about a man who wanted to be President of the United States, and who became involved with his daughter's room-mate, and in his family's diverse problems. 20th Century Fox film directed by Philip Dunne and produced by Charles Brackett.

METROPOLE & STAR: "Time Lock." An exciting story about a small boy inadvertently locked inside a bank vault. The time lock has been set for Monday morning. Written from a true incident in Canada by Arthur Hailey, master of suspense. Starring Robert Beatty, Lee Patterson, Betty McDowell and Vincent Winter (The Boy). A Beaconsfield production presented by Romulus.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Safe Cracker." Adventures of a scoundrel who could crack a safe or a woman's heart. Starring Ray Milland and Barry Jones. A David E. Ross production released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Based on an action-thriller by Lt. Col. Rhy Davies and Bruce Thomas.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Green-eyed Blonde." The venue is an institution for wayward teen-age girls. Susan Oliver in the title role, escapes near to the end of her detention period, and with a boy friend steals a car. Described as a story of a "teen-age fire bomb set to explode."

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Hard Man." One man war against Western gunslingers. Ex-Texas Ranger becomes deputy sheriff. Guy Madison with Valerie French in Columbia film. Technicolor story described as a powerful outdoor adventure novel by Leo Katcher, directed by George Sherman.

**ORIENTAL MAJESTIC**  
AIR CONDITIONED

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.  
**CATTLE EMPIRE**  
JOEL MC GREA  
To-morrow: "NAKED EARTH"  
Morning Show To-morrow 12.30  
"CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT"

FINAL TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
**Fraulein**  
DANA WYNTER  
FERRER  
MICHAELS  
To-morrow  
"ADVENTURES OF A TRAMP"

## SHOWING QUEEN'S TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

**"Little Darling"**

Starring  
TING HOU · LIU CHUN

MANGARIN PRODUCTION

TO-MORROW: 5 SHOWS  
Extra Performance of  
"LITTLE DARLING" AT 11.30 A.M.

## AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HE TURNED KILLER...  
for one day!

FRED MacMURRAY  
JOAN WELDON  
JOHN ERICSON

**DAY OF THE BADMAN**

ROBERT MIDDLETON · MARIE WINDSOR  
EDGAR BUCHANAN · EDUARD FRANZ · SKIP HOMEIER

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
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AT METROPOLE FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL PATRONS!

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show  
At 12.30 p.m.

Tyrone POWER • Kim NOVAK in  
"THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"

In CinemaScope & Color

FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL PATRONS!

## HOOVER · LIBERTY

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TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

DAREDEVILS OF THE DEEP!

Thrilling exploits of the Underwater Demolition Team, up to now one of our country's most carefully guarded secrets!

**UNDERWATER WARRIOR**

DAN DAILEY · JAMES CAGNEY

CLAIRE KELLY

Special Sunday Matinee at Reduced Admission

HOOVER at 12.00 noon  
Marlon Brando  
Gavin Ford in  
"THE TRAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.  
Esther Williams  
Howard Keel in  
"JUPITER'S DARLING"

**CAPITOL RITZ**

SHOWING TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE BROTHERS DID IT... HE MADE  
BROTHER LAST IN AN EPIC...  
ON ROYALTY HAPPY!

JUNE ALANSON  
DAVID RIVER  
MY MAN BOBBY

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
AT 12.30 P.M.  
VICTOR BARRA

FINAL TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

**SHORT CUT TO HELL**

TO-MORROW  
FRANK SINATRA  
MIMI GAYNOR in  
"THE JOKER IS WILD"



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# Black Magic Among The Skyscrapers

## Barcelona—The Town Of Kidnapped Girls

By HENRY MACLENNON

SO many young ladies have been abducted here recently that a police official described Barcelona as the "town of the kidnapped girls."

More than 20 cases of abduction were reported in this northern coastal town of Sicily during the past year and several recent affairs were actually confirmed by police and church authorities.

It is more or less a traditional procedure on the island to kidnap a girl and it is usually confined on all sides providing

there are certain circumstances making it necessary and that the affair ends in marriage. For instance if the parents of a young couple are poor and could not afford a dowry or the high costs of a reception, bride clothes and the honeymoon, then an "abduction" is arranged. In most cases parents of the couple connive in the affair.

Barcelona.

Once this arranged kidnapping gets underway the parents go into the "outraged" act hurrying inmates at one another to prove they are not just trying to save face.

Usually the mother of the girl accuses the boy of brutally abducting her darling daughter for a shady purpose and says he has ruined her life for ever afterwards.

### ABDUCTION

In turn the father of the boy accuses the girl of enticing his beloved son into the abduction so that she, so the son foolishly believes, will not have her reputation stained.

No one is fooled and the neighbours gleefully follow developments waiting for the moment when the "innocent" gets more personal and really becomes insolent.

Things can then really get out of hand. Sometimes the affair ends up in a real street brawl with neighbours taking sides just for the fun of it. This is the moment in the business when the police move in.

The police have probably "detained" the young couple by now because the girl's parents have charged the boy with abduction. The next step is to arrange a conciliatory meeting between the warring sides which is usually done by a priest or even the police.

Church bans are then waived and the boy and the girl are wed and there is no cost or loss of honour on either side.

### ENDED BADLY

That is how most of the kidnapping end up. But four or five of the Barcelona affairs ended badly. Modern youth had not taken the parents into account at all.

There Barcelona youths are in good waiting trial on kidnapping charges. One of them had abducted a nine-year-old girl.

Another youth was actually captured by an outraged mother who was really outraged. She threw a bucket of hot water into the kidnapper's face to make him drop her daughter and she then proceeded to slap his face until he became unconscious.—United Press.

## Passion For Peppermints Was His Downfall

London. ERIC Davis was back in gaol because of his passion for peppermints.

The "Peppermint Kid" never smoked or drank, but a large bag of peppermints was in his pocket on all his safe cracking expeditions.

Davis, 33, got out of gaol last November, after a seven-year sentence. He raided a Welsh Quarry and stole enough dynamite and detonators to blow hundreds of safes.

### FOUR MONTHS

In four months he had cracked 12 safes and netted about \$2,000.

Peppermints ended it all.

Police found a bag of peppermints in a crashed car after an unsuccessful bank raid. They questioned Davis—who was sucking a peppermint.

They searched his briefcase and found two and a half pounds (weight) of dynamite, 47 detonators, and batteries. He admitted the robberies.

The judge at London's Old Bailey sent the Peppermint Kid back to gaol for 12 years.—U.P.I.

## Snails Make Mass Escape

Milan. SEVERAL thousand snails on their way to a Swiss restaurant escaped from a railway freight car near here last week.

The train with a freight car full of boxes of snails stopped at a small station outside Milan and the snails crawled out of their air-holes leaving a thick slime behind them which put railway workers on to their tracks. Only half of the consignment was recovered.—U.P.I.

## What's Happened To British Chivalry?

### They Just Looked And Laughed!

London. INGA Schmidt will return to Germany, her dream of British chivalry shattered.

Inga, 22, was a damsel in distress last week and the "chivalrous" Englishmen who saw her, just looked, and laughed.

For more than an hour, Inga was marooned on a stone coping above an exclusive Knightsbridge square—wearing nothing but pink panties, a bra and a nylon waist slip.

### LOCKED OUT

Inga had slipped out of her flat to look in her mail box for a letter from her family in Hamburg. The door snapped shut, locking her out.

She ran upstairs, through a vacant apartment onto the balcony, and tried to lower herself to her own bedroom window.

She got as far as the coping stone above the window and couldn't get any farther—up or down.

### PINK FACE

It took a woman to sympathise. The woman fetched a ladder and a ladder, Inga, her face as pink as her panties climbed down the ladder and into her bedroom window.

She said later, "I was mad. There were all those men in the street and they just laughed." She is planning on going back to Germany soon. There, she says, the women laugh at damsels in distress.—U.P.I.

## PICKED WRONG PLACE FOR HONEYMOON

Naples. Renato Mancini picked the wrong place for the first night of his honeymoon.

Mancini, 39, of Rome, was awakened in his hotel at 3 a.m. by police and arrested on an old charge for which he had been sentenced in absentia to eight months imprisonment.

A sharp-eyed police inspector remembered Mancini's name while going through the hotel registry.

Mancini, married the previous morning, was hauled off to prison leaving his tearful bride behind.—U.P.I.

## Bald Twins Get Free World Trips

London. SIXTEEN sets of bald twins who completed exhaustive tests in Rome to make sure none of them owed their shiny pate to organic troubles were flying home today.

As a reward for taking part in endocrine expert Prof. Nicole Pende's experiments, the twins will be treated to a tour around the world.

## Witch Doctors Go Into The Mail Order Business

Salisbury. VOODOO incantations, dark rites and filthy-tasting medicines compounded of unspeakable ingredients flourish in the shadows of multi-storey skyscrapers in Salisbury, bustling capital of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

Attracted by the vast and quillible audience afforded by the masses of natives who throng the streets in search of work, the witchdoctors have left their remote kraals and villages for the more modern—and profitable—surroundings of the "white man's" metropolis.

Working in the city streets, or in the native locations that surround it, they peddle their nostrums, potions, elixirs and talismans at prices ranging from one penny (for a headache-cure) to £10 (for the "full-treatment")—a spell that will ensure the purchasers life-long health and prosperity and irresistible prowess with the opposite sex.)

### Sacks of Money

He is a poor witch-doctor who makes less than £50 a week in this way—in a country where natives are able to live on a wage of £5 a month. One "nganga," as witch-doctors are called locally, recently entered the offices of a motor trader and bought, for £1,200 a new van to bring in medicine from his kraal. He paid cash—the three-penny and sixpenny coins carried in sacks by two helpers. It took the accounting staff of the firm two hours to check the amount.

"Ngangas" have even gone into the mail-order business. They have circulated catalogues offering to post to anywhere in the Federation such indispensable euro-a-lis as "square of hair hide of hyena" (1/-) "Tonny whistlers of Lyon" (2/- each) and "santy-witch ointment of many fates" (at 1/6d per jar).

But it would be wrong to dismiss the witch-doctors as mere exploiters of their ignorant fellows. Some of their vegetable medicines, in use long before the white man came to the country, are still as effective as anything that can be turned out by European research laboratories. And their vegetable poisons are deadly and often untraceable.

It is perhaps fortunate that they choose instead to concentrate on relatively harmless mumbo-jumbo to gain their ends.

### Useful Purpose

Says Doctor Michael Gelfand, the Salisbury physician and author: "The nganga fulfils a useful purpose in the life of the African. His real strength lies in the psychosomatic field, for by helping the individual to face the problems that confront all of us he is able to control many anxiety states.

"So until we have more doctors, nurses and clinics throughout the territory we should interfere as little as possible with the only medical aid which is within reach."

But perhaps the last word should be with one of the Africans themselves, an official telling among European astrologers is complete superstition in its highest form. Luck charms which astrologers operate as a flourishing business in European countries are by no means different from the garden-boy's charm who tries to keep his job, a bossboy's who tries to get promotion and a clerk's who tries to win a horse-race.—U.P.I.

## 50 Angry Men Seek The Film Hoaxer

London. HE walked into the local Labour Exchange and said: "I'm making a film. I want a large number of men as extras."

He gave his name as MITCH-COCK. The filming, "Mr Hitchcock" explained to the exchange officials at Bexhill, Sussex, would take a fortnight.

### Long wait

The men would receive £3 a day. He would be back for interviews at the week-end. The word went round. Interview day arrived; so did 50 would-be extras. They waited for an hour.

Then they were told: "There have been some difficulties. The film is held up for the time being, and there are no jobs."

But, in fact, Mr Hitchcock had disappeared. One of the men hoping to earn £42 in a fortnight was Mr Ernest Brown, of Sidley, Bexhill.

### Really angry

He said: "About 50 of us were told there was a hold-up. That rather annoyed us. Since then we have heard it was all a hoax and we are really angry."

The manager of Bexhill Labour Exchange was on holiday, but his deputy said: "It is just one of those things. I cannot confirm or deny it, and I do not wish to discuss it." Said the area manager at Hastings, Mr C. J. Philips: "I do not know anything about it personally, but I have been told it happened. It is disgraceful." Now the police have been told.

## THE FOX HAD HIS REVENGE

London. A DYING fox cub shot and wounded its attacker near Truro last week.

Michael Sera, 20, blasted off one barrel of his shotgun at the cub. It fled, wounded, into a hole.

In a bid to get it out, he thrust the butt of his shotgun into the hole. It went off, peppering his arm with shot. Sera staggered across the fields, and collapsed at the feet of a local farmer, who following the blood trail back to the fox hole.

He pulled out the gun, and with it the dead cub. Its paw was hooked around the trigger.—U.P.I.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Among the regular polo players at the Ham Polo Club, Petersham—are stage stars Jimmy Edwards and 23-year-old Peggy Walsh. They are seen here talking together before a match last week.—KEYSTONE.



RIGHT: Former British Premier Sir Winston Churchill leaves the London home of his neighbour—sculptor—Sir Jacob Epstein, right, last week after a first view of Epstein's model of the Earl Lloyd George memorial statue. The statue will stand in the inner lobby of the House of Commons.

BELOW: Here is the finest diamond to come to the London market in 30 years. The pear-shaped 35.73-carat stone was put up for sale at Christie's auctioneers by an anonymous woman. It was bought for £27,000 by London dealer Levi Cohen.



BELOW: Last Wednesday was a busy day at Chartwell, Sir Winston Churchill's country home in Kent. First of all, Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, guests of the Churchills for the weekend, had to be seen off. That was 9.40 a.m. An hour later, over 3,000 persons arrived to see the Churchill gardens, open to the public for the first time at two shillings a head. Lady Churchill (right) is seen saying goodbye to Sir Anthony and Lady Eden.



JAPANESE actress Yoko Tani arriving for the London premiere last Wednesday of the film "The Wind Cannot Read", in which she co-stars with Dirk Bogardo.



THE news that British rock 'n' roll singer Tommy Steele is engaged was revealed last week. The girl, pictured here with Tommy, is 22-year-old actress Anne Donaghu—currently understudying in a London musical, "Expresso Bongo", which kids rock 'n' roll singers. Anne says the nightly kidding of Tommy doesn't bother her.



BLANCHE Patch, for 30 years the secretary of Bernard Shaw, once said that the playwright would turn in his grave if he could see what "My Fair Lady" had done to his "Pygmalion". But last Tuesday she was at Variety Club of Great Britain luncheon in London. She gave a silver heart to Julie Andrews, star of the show, in recognition of her "great services to the stage."



PRINCESS Margaret went to the Royal and Merchant Navies' Ball held recently at the Hurlingham Club in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. With her is the Mayor of Fulham.



DISCUSSING the London bus strike (now in its seventh week) in a cafe last week are these members of the London Busmen's negotiating Committee.

## EXPRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

### NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller





Introducing Another Hongkong Short Story Writer Elizabeth Beacham

## TURNABOUT

CATHRYN looked appreciatively at the solitaire diamond on the third finger of her left hand and gave a quick glance into the long glass of her dressing table. "I've changed," she thought, "I don't even look the same any more!" The girl facing her in the mirror wore a sheath of tangerine shantung; and she wondered if it were a little too bright, though on second thought, it did seem to reflect its colour in the highlights of her brown hair... and surely it did something to those ordinary hazel eyes. Anyhow it had taken time and care to choose this special dress for this very special occasion, so now it would have to do.

She glanced across at the worn travelling clock on her bedside table; it said 7.30, so she had fifteen minutes before she must go downstairs. "Funny," she said to herself, "that little clock has been with me for seven years, and travelled half way round the world with me!"

And a tremor of excitement passed through her body as she thought of her next journey. It seemed hardly believable that only three weeks ago she'd lain in her bed in this very room, in a state of exasperated self-pity, sure that at twenty-seven, nothing exciting was ever going to happen to her again.

She'd been in Hongkong for six months, as governess and companion to elderly Jonathan and Kitty Stoner and their two small children. The Stoners were an Australian couple who had married late in life and were blissfully happy with their two children. Cathryn had met them whilst on a visit to her married sister in Sydney and had liked them at once. They had been intrigued by Cathryn's enterprise and initiative in getting herself jobs of all kinds so that she could travel and see something of the world.

In seven years she had worked as governess, companion, shop-assistant, and even as a factory hand, in London, Paris, Vienna, in a country town in Bavaria and in Copenhagen. And had saved up enough to take her to Australia. So, in fact, she had had much chance of a refresher course in such guises that the whirl of preparation was in full swing before she had time to think.

But Hongkong had been a disappointment to her. Kitty turned out to be a fussier over the children and so Cathryn had found herself very much tied up with little time to herself. The Stoners were a quiet couple, not given much to social life... an occasional rather stodgy dinner party... and sometimes in the near distance... a man... but never under forty.

So, on that morning three weeks ago there'd been a bit of an edge to Cathryn's temper when she awoke on her day off, to find the Peak drowned in mist; she'd lain there wondering what on earth was the matter with her; or who was wrong with the world. This sort of thing had never happened to her before, always, wherever she'd been, she'd managed to have a good time. She got out of bed and had a look at herself... skin alright... eyes a clear hazel... brown hair with hands and feet. Perhaps it's my mind, she had thought, maybe I'm getting duller as I get older. But for the life of her she couldn't see that the level of her intelligence had changed. And she flung herself back on the bed feeling that the petulant twist of the mouth was fully justified.

She was bored. And the prospect of the day before her irritated and annoyed her. Shopping in the morning... a new pair of shoes and a swim suit... lunch... alone... then, to the recreation club to give the swim suit an airing. There'd be nobody there, of course, but a lot of screaming brats and their fond mothers, who had thought, gloomily, And then a cinema of dinner, again, alone!

By the time her breakfast arrived she had worked up a beautiful chip on her shoulder, and neither the peace of eating breakfast without the chatter of the children, nor the helplessness both did anything to help. The chip went with her through the mist to the peak tram. She wondered why people raved about Hongkong. The Peak had been in the clouds for three weeks now... and it was too hot... and one never knew what to expect... and the tram was always full...

memory of her thoughts about Americans earlier that day... rich, travelling for pleasure... he had discovered an old acquaintance in the American Consulate here, who was to be a witness at the wedding, how about Cathryn being the second witness?

Brenda was overjoyed at the idea... who could be better than her best friend's sister? Cathryn was pleased and excited; she anticipated Mrs Stoner's consent to this arrangement and whilst David went off on business of his own, she and Brenda descended upon Miss Brusley's "Gowns" and there, in less than no time found the dress in ice blue lace which Brenda swore would be the perfect foil for the orchid pink which she had chosen for her wedding.

They met David again at 7.30, and with him was a sandy-haired, rather plain and quiet young man who was introduced as Robert Adamson. The dinner that followed was made gay by Brenda's chatter and enthusiasm. They danced, and though Robert was not the world's best dancer, Cathryn found his quiet, slow conversation much more interesting than an evening at the movies on her own.

They found they had many tastes in common and when at last he delivered her to the Stoners' house, on the Peak, she was pleased when he said perhaps they would meet again. Just three weeks ago!

The wedding successfully negotiated, Brenda and David went on their way to Japan; to combine a honeymoon with what remained of Brenda's business commitments. But that had really been the beginning for Cathryn.

Robert, for all his quiet approach, was thorough. He made a friend and ally of Kitty Stoner, and put his mind to courting Cathryn to such effect, that when he asked her to marry him a fortnight after their first meeting, she said yes, because there didn't seem to be any other answer. This was no young girl's dream of love. On the contrary, Cathryn's part, didn't seem to enter into it. Everything had happened so fast that she never really knew to herself until one evening when they were all the Stoners and Robert and herself sitting in the drawing room talking desultorily, half-listening to someone chatting humdrumly on the radio on "How to write the Great Novel."

Suddenly it came upon her that this was what she had been waiting for all her life. To be able to look across the room and see Robert's homely face, creased in an appreciative grin and to know that for the rest of time he would be there when she needed him. And that would be all the time.

All the time. She'd wanted to shout it aloud from the housetops. Poor Robert had been shaken out of his usual calm by her response when he'd kissed her goodnight, that night.

She looked at the clock again. Must go down now. Guests would be arriving. One last look at the tangerine dress. Face a right. Hair... A few weeks now and she would be Mrs Robert Adamson and after a honeymoon in the United States, to be shown off to Robert's parents, would return to this island and make her home here. She looked out of the window; a beautiful evening, the Peak bathed in the glow of the setting sun.

No wonder people raved about the beauty of Hongkong.

## PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace Thompson



## Bobbery

This word means hoise or fuss. Hobson Hobson derives it from the Anglo-Indian, Bobbery-Bob, an interjection. Bobbery-Bob is Hindi Bap-re Bap, O Father. The Indo-Portuguese variant of Bobbery is babaro which represents a sound similar to that of Leland's babble, as in too much babble, too much noise. Although he related this form to bobbery, Leland translates it babble, a healthy piece of contamination. It is not true that "Chinese people cannot pronounce 'r-sounds'." What happens is that such sounds do not exist in some of the Southern languages of China and are replaced by l-sounds by some Southern Chinese when speaking languages such as English, French or Portuguese.

Hence, for example, our old friend fly lice... Hence, too, Leland's spelling, bobbery. This my film he wantee makee one little piecee pidgin long-me you. S'posse you see cheetum, my makee big bobbely will you." Hobson Hobson quotes the following passage: "... If an Hindoo was to see a house on fire, to receive a smart slap on the face, break a china basin, cut his finger, see two Europeans boxing, or a sparrow shot, he would call out 'Ah-bap-aree'." Another passage where the expression is used is roughly the China coast scene is also printed in Hobson Hobson: "When the band struck up (my Arab) was much frightened, made bobbery, set his foot in a hole and nearly pitched me." This Anglo-Indian reference is dated 1830.

Attempts have been made, none very convincing, to relate bobbery to Cantonese pa-pl.

## Boilum

An old pidgin word for boil. Leland quotes my boilum 'ca. The word ending seems to be English boil or 'im. It has come to be the sign of the transitive verb in some pidgin languages.

## Boy

Although I (and Mr. Muggeridge) have been abusing the Hongkong use of boy, I can't help remembering the French sarrea has gone through a similar evolution and seems to give little offence.

## Bright Sun

Leland says this was once the Canton pidgin for Chinese ming yat, tomorrow. I wonder if it has ever been used in Hongkong.

## Bull-Chilo

Boy was so commonly used for servant in China Coast. Pidgin then another term for physiological boy had to be found. Bull-child was an excellent choice. It could be understood without difficulty and differentiated neatly between the offspring of the master-race and of the natives in the same way as did plebeian in the Deep South and still does in Lambeth between white and coloured. Bull-child was becoming obsolete in mainland day. I take it that it is never heard in Hongkong these days. Cow-chillo presumably vanished with it.

## Bund

This is not a well-known Hongkong word but it was the Anglo-Indian name given to an artificial embankment, dam, dyke or causeway bordering the sea-front in many of the Treaty Ports. A writer in 1876 says "so I took a stroll on the 'Tienan bund'." The word is Persian bandh.

Hongkong's own word is of course Praya which is the Portuguese name, beach or sea-shore, as in the famous and beautiful Praia Grande in Macao.

## Bunder

According to Leland a report, caused a story which has obtained currency on the quay or bund. In this word ever used in Hongkong? How it ever been used?

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# CHEATED BY A GUN

... I had escaped wolves, secret police ... death  
at a river ... now I could only stand helpless ...

THE needle-sharp teeth of a starving wolf-pack were eating into my flesh. In a few terrifying seconds I would be finished and I screamed for death to cut short the agony.

I had dodged death for hundreds of miles and now, as the fangs sank into my limbs, I was begging, pleading to die.

And yet, though I did not know it, I WAS SAFE.

True, I had plunged from a tree into the middle of a howling, snarling, wolf-pack. True, they had pounced.

But they had never reached me, my agony was all imagination, and yet no less real for all that.

It took the hunters who saved me ten minutes to convince me I wasn't dead. It took them 10 more minutes to convince me I was alive; then I stopped screaming.

So my great trek was "to go on." I had walked 1,700 miles since escaping from a Russian slave camp on the shores of the Behring Sea.

Thousands of miles further away was my home in Munich, which I had just seen as a German paratrooper officer, and some day I meant to return.

I had beaten the camp guards, survived a murderous attack by a maniac bandit who had left me for dead, and now I had cheated the wolves.

## THE TRUTH

I looked dazed at the hunters who had saved my life.

The men were yellow-faced Yakuts—members of a nomad tribe roving the snow-covered Siberian plain.

The older man, who introduced himself as Kolka and his companion as Alyosha, told me how they had been trailing the wolves for days and had arrived just as the pack pounced on me. Then he waited politely for me to speak.

I hesitated, wondering whether I should lie or whether I could trust them with the truth about myself.

Then Kolka said bluntly: "You're no Russian. Where are you from?"

I studied their bland, smiling faces. These men had saved my life, but they could turn me over to the police just as quickly. Indeed, they would make themselves criminals if they sheltered me.

In spite of this I decided they would not let me down.

"I am a German," I said quietly. "An escaped prisoner-of-war."

For a moment they said nothing, and I watched their eyes carefully.

Then Kolka put his arm around my shoulder and said: "All right. We understand."

They took me by dog sled to their village, a cluster of small tents. There Kolka took me to his own tent and said: "So long as you are here, you are under my protection."

And under his protection I remained until the summer of 1951.

I went hunting with the Yakuts. I learned to fish with evis, breaking holes in the ice, Eskimo-fashion.

## EVIL SMELL

I even watched their babies being born in their smoke-filled, evil-smelling tents.

How these babies lived I shall never know. But live they did—dozens of them. The Yakuts practised polygamy, which would have shocked the bureaucrats of Moscow but seemed to Yakuts.

Despite this, I began to feel secure for the first time in 18 months. I settled down com-

fortably with these fine, hospitable people, and the vision of my home in Munich, my target, began to fade.

It might have disappeared altogether had not Kolka returned with frightening news from a trading trip to Ayan, on the Sea of Okhotsk, about 250 miles from the northern tip of Japan.

The Russians, he said gravely, knew I was alive. And they had a shrewd idea where I might be, too.

As soon as they had studied Kolka's papers and realised where he had come from, they asked him had he seen a big German, probably travelling alone, limping begging for food.

## SHREWD

When Kolka told them that he could not help them, they said: "If you ever see him, let us know. We want that man."

The shrewd old warrior had probed them for further information. They told him they had heard about me from a bandit they had arrested.

That could have been only one man ... the man who had left me to die. He had given the police a full description of me in the hope that they would deal with him leniently.

But his treachery earned no reward. "They shot him," said Kolka with a grin.

That gave me a feeling of savage satisfaction. But it didn't make my position any less precarious. "I must leave you," I told Kolka. "And the sooner the better."

The next day Kolka gave me a leather shirt, a pair of long, supple boots and a new flint for my tinder box. Alyosha cut



By CLEMENS FORELL

Ex-German officer Clemens Forell walked 8,000 miles to freedom after fleeing from a Russian slave camp in Siberia.

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Clemens Forell's escape story is told by J. M. Butler in "As Far as My Feet Will Carry Me" (Deutsch, 15s.).

my hair and shaved off my beard.

Then he handed me a fragment of mirror. I gazed into it and the Yakuts howled with laughter at my expression of amazement.

I was gazing at the face of a total stranger. It was old and gaunt and pitted with suffering.

The women made me a rucksack from skins as thin as parchment and packed it with food. Then Kolka gave me some sound advice. "If people ask who you are," he said, "tell them you are a convict on your way back to work. They will sympathise with you and help you."

"Never say you are a free man—or you will find yourself behind bars."

## FRONTIER

We agreed that I should make for the Mongolian frontier. Once over that, and I might be free.

Early next morning Alyosha was ready with a sledge and 15 huskies to start me on my journey.

We travelled for two days, covering about 80 miles, and came to a river. The ice didn't seem thick enough to hold the weight of a man, let alone that of a loaded sledge, dogs and two men.

But we glided over it. And on the other bank, Alyosha said with a grin: "Now nobody can follow you. Nobody could cross that river—except a Yakut."

He handed me a pair of light hunter's skis, a present from Kolka. Then he unhitched one of the leading dogs from the sledge.

"Kolka wants you to have him," he said. "He says you must have someone to talk to, a

friend who will warn you in good time of danger."

And then he was gone in a swirl of snow, leaving me gazing sadly after him, overcome by the kindness of those proud Siberians.

I named the dog Willem and we set off together on a course roughly west. For days we marched, until the terrain became less desolate, the surroundings more civilised.

We reached a small village, surrounded by farms, and I broke into a store shed and stole enough food to last the pair of us for several days.

Life seemed almost comfortable—until I ran into trouble at a time when I least expected it.

I walked from a forest into a clearing and found myself surrounded by a bunch of swarthy, close-cropped lumberjacks. "I tried to walk past with a canful of my hand. But it was too good. The foreman shouted: 'Hoi! Where are you going?'"

## MY BLUFF

"Chit," I shouted back, choosing the name of the first conventual city that came to my mind.

"Travelling on duty?" I remembered Kolka's advice. "I've just finished eight years' forced labour," I said. "Now I've got to report to the M.V.D. chief at Chita."

At once they were sympathetic. "You must go by rail," they said. "You'd better come back to our block house for the night and tomorrow we'll see about getting you on a timber train."

And then I realised they were gazing at my scars ... the scars

I thanked them. But inside I was terrified. That train could deliver me right into the arms of the secret police.

The lumberjacks were decent fellows. Not only did they give me food and shelter, but they found jobs for Willem and me.

They persuaded the timber control officer to let us travel on a freight train as guards.

For five days we rumbled across Siberia with plenty of food and plenty of time to rest. When the freight train finally jerked to a stop I had leapt-frogged 800 miles to Ulan Ude, not far from the Mongolian border. Now I had to rely on bluff.

## HE GUESSED

Cautiously I pulled open a wagon door—and found myself face to face with a fat little man with an official air.

"Who are you?" he snapped. "Timber escort."

He studied me for a long time and I realised that I must have been worth studying. My clothes were ragged.

My beard had grown again and my hair was round my neck. I was like a scarecrow.

"You'd better come and have a wash. And a delousing too."

That suited me fine. But I didn't know that a wash was going to bring me face to face with the M.V.D.—the dreaded secret police.

I saw the attendants watching me closely as I splashed around under the shower. I watched them whispering together as I dried myself.

And then I realised they were gazing at my scars ... the scars

of a Soviet concentration camp. A doctor was called. He examined my wounds carefully and must have guessed how I had received them. Half an hour later I was being cross-examined by a whole posse of secret police.

I told them I had served an eight-year sentence and had been told to report to the M.V.D. at Chita to have my citizenship restored.

I said I had worked in a gold mine and described the conditions vividly, praying that my questioners had never seen a gold mine.

When I had finished, the men sat in silence. I sat in suspense and watched the senior officer slowly roll himself a cigarette. One phone call to Chita to check my story and ... but they never made the call. They believed me! The officer stood up and said: "We'll help you."

The next day I was put on a train for Chita with Willem—also deloused.

I left the train with the name Kyakhta, the town which was my next target, pounding in my brain. The next morning I hailed a lorry—an ancient tinlizzie, driven by a Chinese.

He was going in the general direction of Kyakhta, on the Mongolian border, and gave me a lift into the middle of what seemed like a desert.

There he turned off and left me alone in the sandy waste. There was no sound, no sign of life, no indication whatever of where Kyakhta might be. I was hopelessly, utterly lost.

I picked a chance direction and walked until I was exhausted. Then I lay down with Willem by my side and slept until it was light.

We awoke parched with thirst. Willem licked the dew from the Steppe grass. So did I. Then we began walking again—until the dog froze in his tracks.

Across the plain, topping the hills that stretched to right and left in the distance, were four watch-towers, with a guard on each of them. I had reached the Soviet-Mongolian frontier.

But those guards could scan the countryside for miles around. If one of them had turned field-glasses in our direction, he could have spotted us easily.

I hid until the sun went down.

The next morning we began walking parallel to those watch-

towers. I knew my only chance was to find a weak spot in the chain of posts and sneak across at night.

Eventually we came to a river which had to be crossed.

I made a raft of brushwood, put my clothes and rucksack on it and began to swim. Willem followed me, though obviously he thought I had gone mad.

Then as I reached mid-stream I saw to my horror that a steamer was nosing its way swiftly towards me!

It spotted me, tooted its siren and altered course to avoid me. And as it swished past, about 200 passengers crowded the rail, cheering and hooting at the sight of a naked man, struggling along with a dog and a raft.

I sank on the other bank exhausted. Later, while waiting for my clothes to dry, I caught a large fish. But I couldn't cook it, because I was afraid to light a fire.

Instead, I tried to eat it raw, but it tasted terrible.

## WATCH-TOWERS

Angrily I tossed it to Willem, who seemed to swallow it whole, his tail thumping the ground with pleasure.

On we walked ... on and on and on. We came to a forest of firs, and as I ambled through them a strange peace stole over me. In a setting like this, danger simply could not exist.

And then I stepped out into a clearing and saw three watch-towers less than a stone's-throw away!

For a moment I could do nothing. I was paralysed with fear. I tried to move, but my legs were numb. I stood stock-still, helpless, vulnerable.

I saw the sentry on the nearest watch-tower straighten his back, yawn and shuffle round.

Then he saw me and left his platform.

I found myself looking horrified straight into the barrel of his sub-machine-gun. He stood between me and freedom.

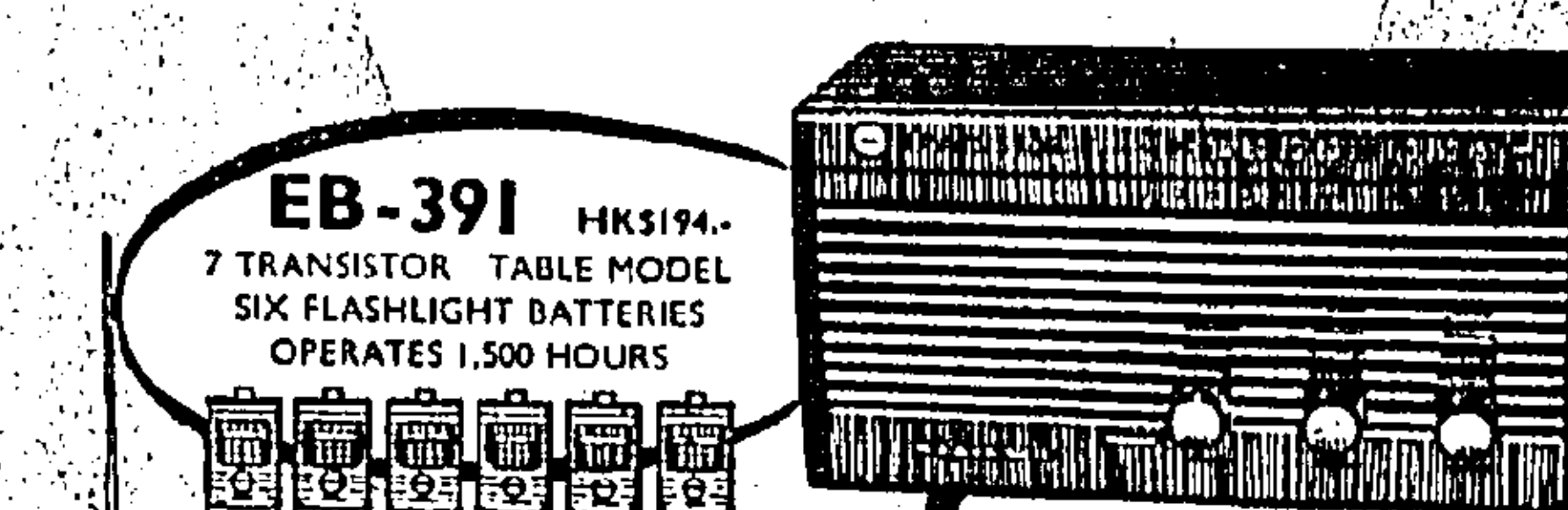
## NEXT WEEK:

Willem saves my life—and is killed. An Armenian Jew puts me in touch with an anti-Communist underground movement.

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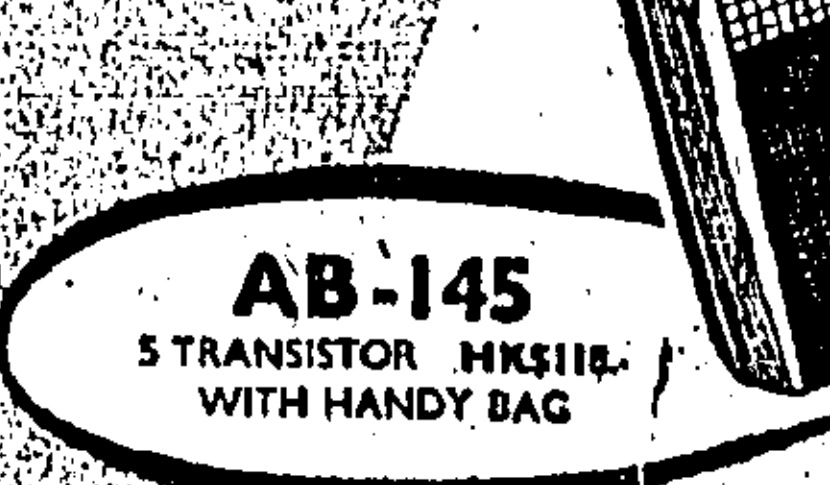
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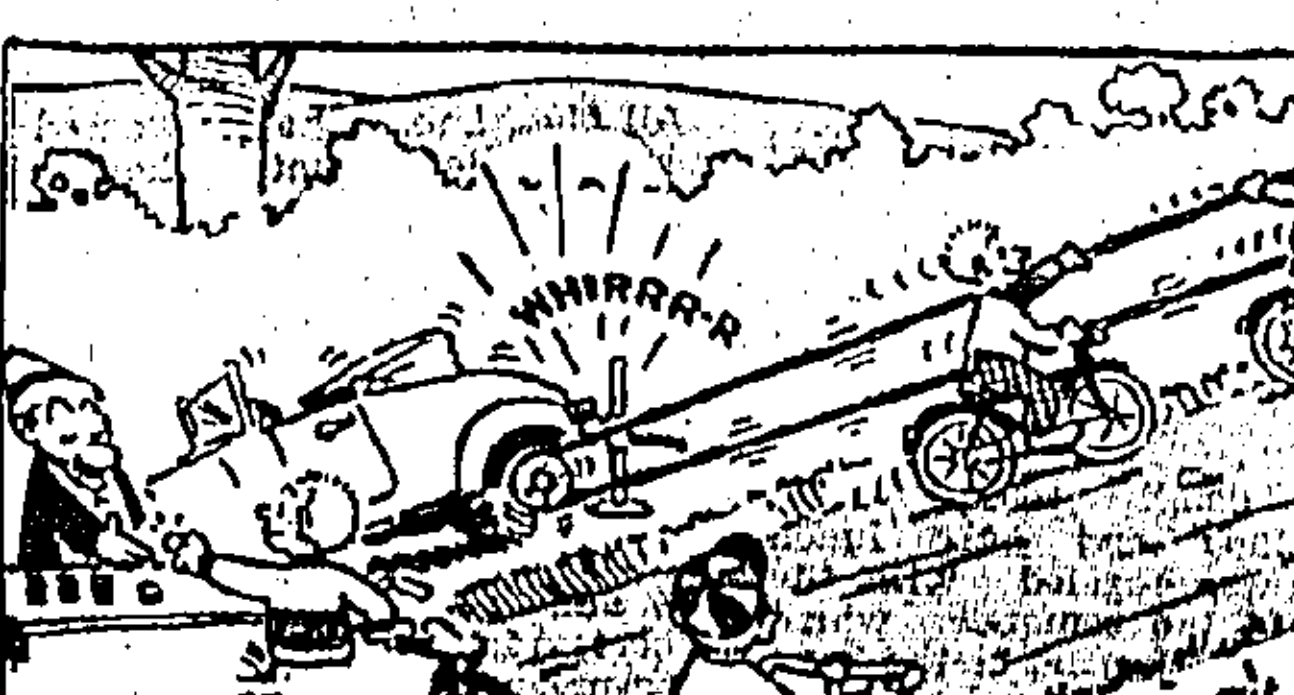
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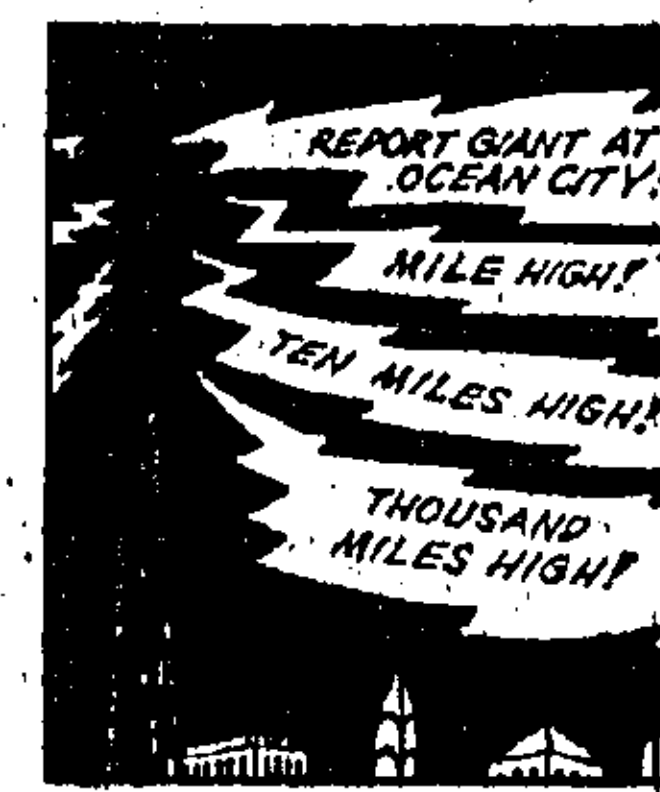
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## Sensations Of Sport

## THE BATTLE OF BERNE

THE Brazilian and Hungarian footballers faced each other across the dressing room table. The shattering of an electric lamp signalled the start of hostilities. And two of the finest attacking sides in the world went into action—with bottles, fists, and studded boots.

The date was June 27, 1954. The place: Wankdorf Stadium, Bern. The occasion: the quarter-final of the 5th World Soccer Cup between Brazil and Hungary.

At least, that's what the official programme said. It also said something about the value of this festival "in the service of international friendship." But what the spectators saw on that ill-fated day in Switzerland seldom resembled world-class football, and never fostered any international goodwill.

For this was the most shameful engagement in the history of soccer, a disgraceful exhibition of bad sportsmanship—The Battle of Bern.

And the players were not the only ones at fault. Hundreds of spectators and officials were also locked in savage combat after the game. Clothes were ripped, skins were kicked, jaws were punched—all because of the ill-feeling stirred up by this ferocious football match.

But could they maintain their incredible winning run against the fast and formidable Brazilians, who were now striding into top gear?

Brazil had a reputation of being a poor Cup fighter. In the previous World Cup competition they had been unlucky to

## The Teams Went Into Action

## —With Fists, Bottles And

## Studded Boots!

lose the trophy by only one point to Uruguay. This time they would not go down without a really hard fight.

And a fight it was. Two penalties were awarded. Three players, including a Hungarian Member of Parliament, were sent off the field. Another player had his name taken by the British referee, Arthur Ellis.

The Brazilians began using rough tactics in the first minute of the match. The Hungarian centre-forward, Nandor Hidegkuti, had half his shorts torn away as he was held back by a Brazilian defender. And he was still playing in his brief undies when he scored three minutes later from a corner-kick.

Hidegkuti soon made a second goal when, with slide-rule precision, he centred the ball for inside right, Santos. Santos headed the ball into the net. Eight minutes of play, and Hungary already had a two-goal lead.

Now the battle was on in earnest. The Brazilians fought back so viciously that Hungary's prosecuting professors of football were goaded into retaliation. Cruel tackling and sly elbow jabs became the order of the day. Finally, the two of the greatest teams in the world submerged their superb artistry in barbed-rough-house tactics.

The first penalty was awarded in the twentieth minute when Brazilian centre-forward, D. Santos, was fouled by the Hungarian left-back, Duzansky. D. Santos took the kick for Brazil and made the score 2-1.

The second penalty came fifteen minutes after half-time, when the Brazilian centre-half Pinheiro intercepted a centre to Kocsis with his hand. Santos crashed the ball into the net. Hungary led 3-1.

The Hungarians seemed safe enough now as the two teams fought in the slanting evening rain. But the battle flared again when Julinho, the speedy Brazilian left-winger, banged in a 20-yard shot to make it 3-2. Twenty minutes from the end, two players started fighting. Brazil's giant full-back, D. Santos, and the Hungarian Captain, right-half, and M.P., Jozsef Bozsik. They refused to end their private war, so referee Ellis gave them their marching orders.

It was the first time any player had been sent off in this World Cup series.

Hungary were now virtually a nine-man team, for their outside-left, J. Toth, had been reduced to a walking pace by a pulled muscle.

With only ten minutes left, Brazil came near to levelling the scores as inside-right Didi and outside-right Mauroino slashed the Hungarian goalposts with successive shots.

Four minutes from the end, and it became nine-a-side soccer. Barbosa Humberto, the Brazilian inside-right, was sent off for an outrageous foul against full-back Duzansky.

Humberto sank to his knees, pleading to be allowed to stay in the game. And when Ellis insisted on his going, he walked off slowly, with tears streaming down his face.

The tackling became really ferocious now; football was a secondary consideration. Yet Hungary, with only three forwards (their centre-forwards had moved to right-half), managed to stage a brilliant finish.

With three minutes' play left, Hidegkuti sent Czibor away on the right and, once again, Kocsis's head was in front of goal to do its deadly accurate work.

Hungary had won. And the Brazilian goalkeeper—beaten for the fourth time—wept against the goalpost.

The final whistle marked the end of a fight between 22 men—and the beginning of one between hundreds.

Rioting followed several nasty incidents. A Brazilian player struck a Hungarian player who tried to shake hands with him after the match. Then a Brazilian reserve player ran on to the field and attacked two policemen who tried to escort him off.

Other Brazilians ran to rescue their compatriot. That was when the pitch became a battlefield for disorganised armies of spectators, photographers and seagreen-uniformed Swiss Policemen.

Referee Ellis left the field with an escort of 20 baton-armed policemen. The two teams struggled through the police to resume the fight in the dressing rooms.

Rioting had now spread to almost every corner of the Wankdorf Stadium. And as bottles and other missiles were hurled about, a call went out for police reinforcements.

By John Cottrell

The day after the match, bottles and boots were produced as exhibits when the disciplinary committee of the Federation of Football Associations met to discuss the incident.

After two hours, the committee announced its findings. It censured the two national associations concerned for "failing to prevent improper behaviour by the players." The cases of the three men sent off were referred to their respective associations for punishment.

Two days later, the World Cup committee met in Bern. It was expected they would bar Brazil from the next competition and ban several Hungarians from Cup games.

But, in the event, no action was taken. The difficulty was that any punishment would be much harder on Hungary, who were still in the competition.

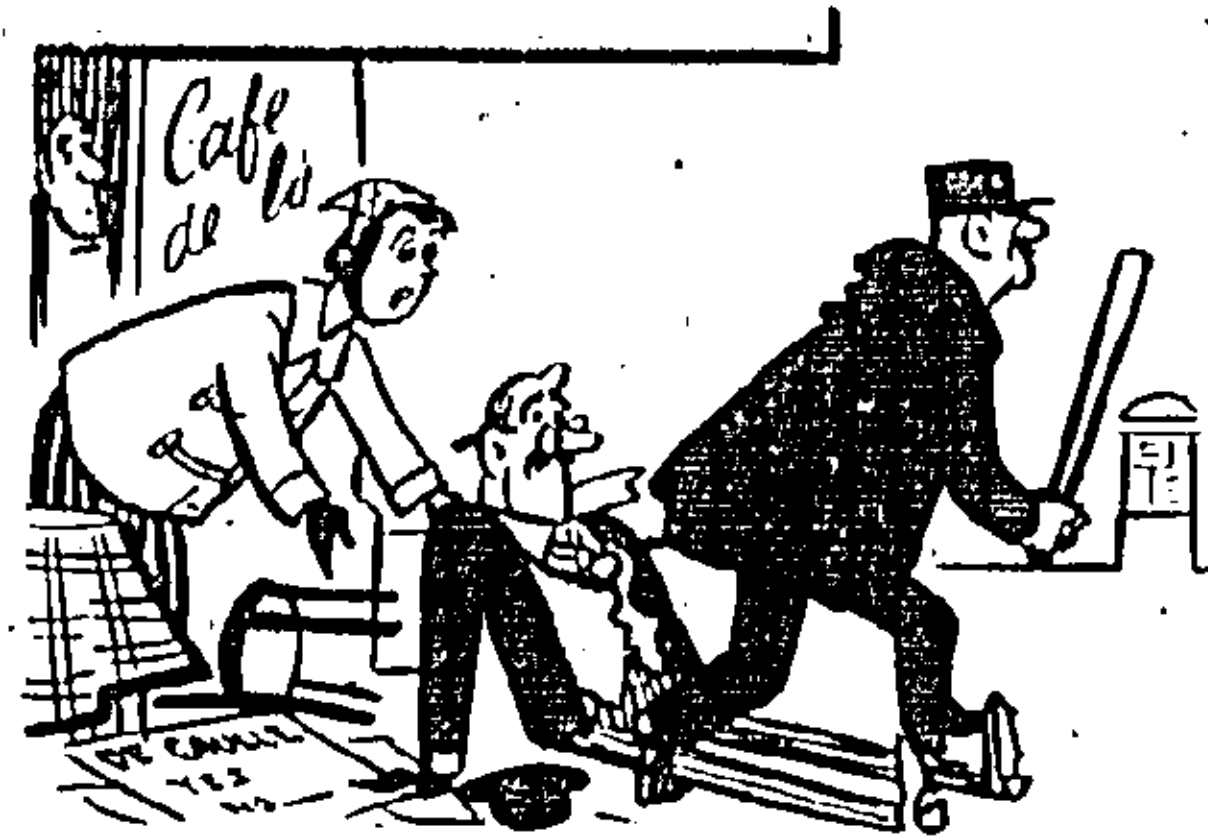
So Hungary, the team of the century, went on in full strength to the semi-finals where, with extra police looking on, they beat the Cup-holders, Uruguay.

But then, to the astonishment of their countrymen, the Hungarians were beaten 3-2 in the final by Germany.

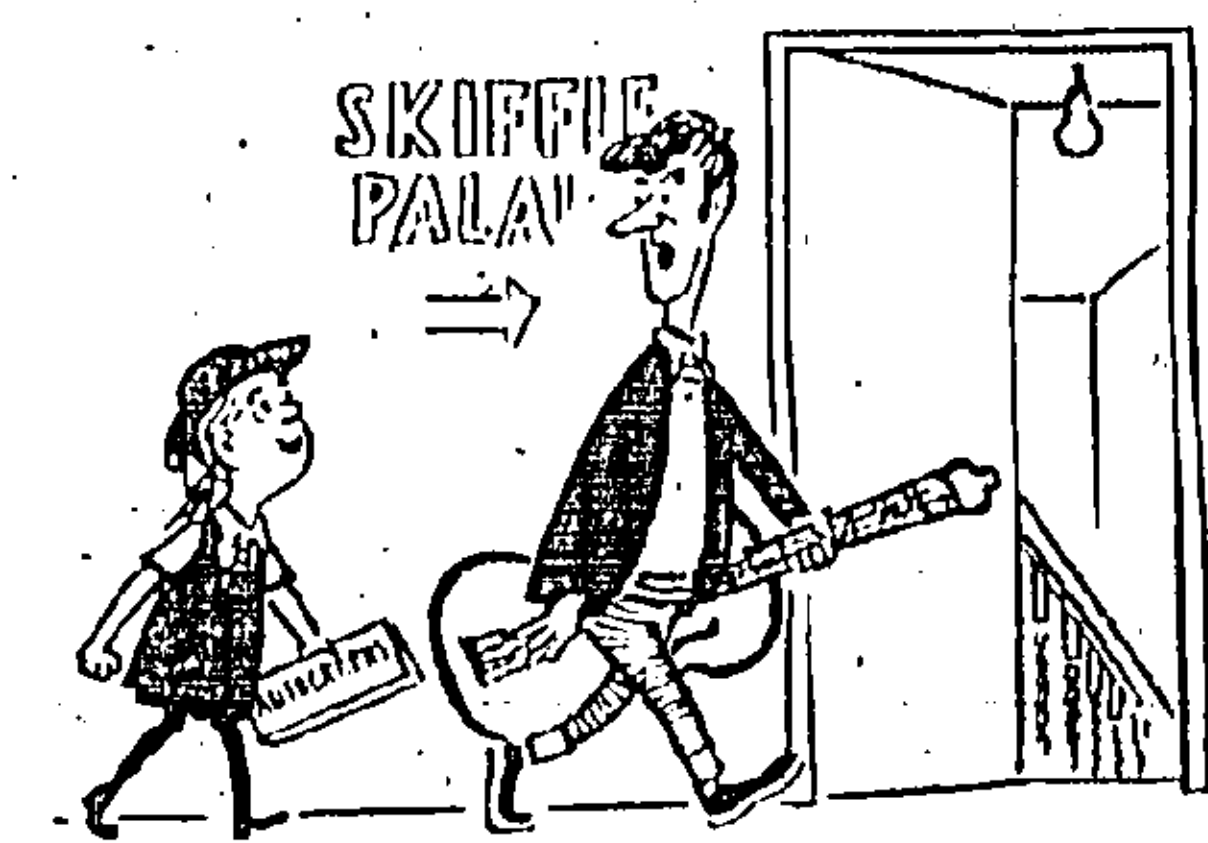
This defeat caused yet another riot in Hungary. Angry fans smashed windows in the State-run football pools office and in the Budapest flat of Gustave Sebes, Deputy Minister of Sport. They believed they had been swindled by the pools, that the team management had sold out to the Germans. The idea that their "invincible" footballers had been fairly beaten by the Germans was unthinkable.

But they should have realised after the Battle of Bern—anything is possible in the World Soccer Cup.

ENDS



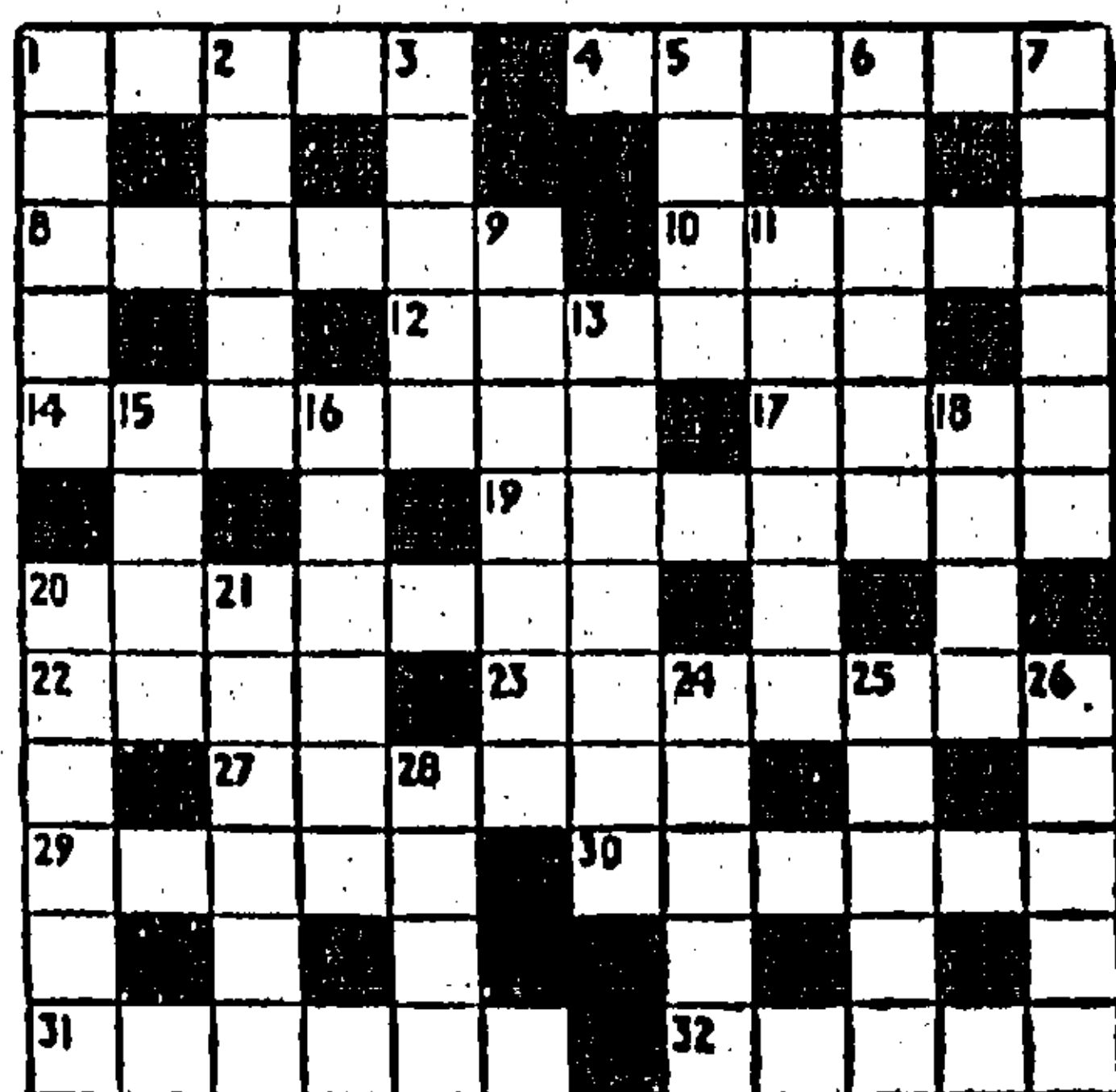
"I told you that you shouldn't take a Public Opinion Poll, dear, the French are not used to them."



"Scram! People will think you're my wife!"

by Friell

## A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Types (5).
  - Proseurs for the lazy? (6).
  - One exuberantly frolicsome (6).
  - Go on strike? (5).
  - The logical see it, the crazy lose it (6).
  - Here's something for you, solver? (7).
  - Close in more than one sense (1).
  - A big ship, the Bounty, it reamed (7).
  - Downing Street pudding? (7).
  - Dye plant (4).
  - Cash! (7).
  - Numbering of the people (6).
  - Carmen, possibly (6).
  - In the saddle in Yorkshire (6).
  - Flipped a coin (6).
  - Keen to agree, perhaps (5).
- DOWN**
- Make a legal addition? (3, 2).
  - Just a bit of cowboy fun (5).
  - A beastly ill-natured sound (5).
  - Girl in glasses (4).
  - Heathen Oriental? (6).
  - Uses the clippers (6).
  - Old cops getting the spuds ready? (7).
  - Member of Genghis Khan's race (6).
  - He starts as a ship's officer, but gets no pay (7).
  - Horse or its colour (4).
  - Not a particularly tender bird (6).
  - Envenomed crawlers (4).
  - Cut a caper? (6).
  - Arm muscle (6).
  - Not a direct remark? (6).
  - Topping stuff for a cake (6).
  - Longer upsels him (6).
  - One gets it in the neck (4).

**FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD**—Across: 1 Tiller, 4 Major, 7 Tropical, 8 Larks, 9 Expert, 11 Earlom, 13 Readers, 15 Celes, 16 Belle, 18 Conquest, 20 Eares, 21 Stewed. Down: 1 Title, 2 Lepes, 3 Reclier, 4 Miller, 5 Joy-rides, 6 Rongars, 10 Pezilles, 12 Ascents, 19 Rebate, 16 In use, 17 Slid.



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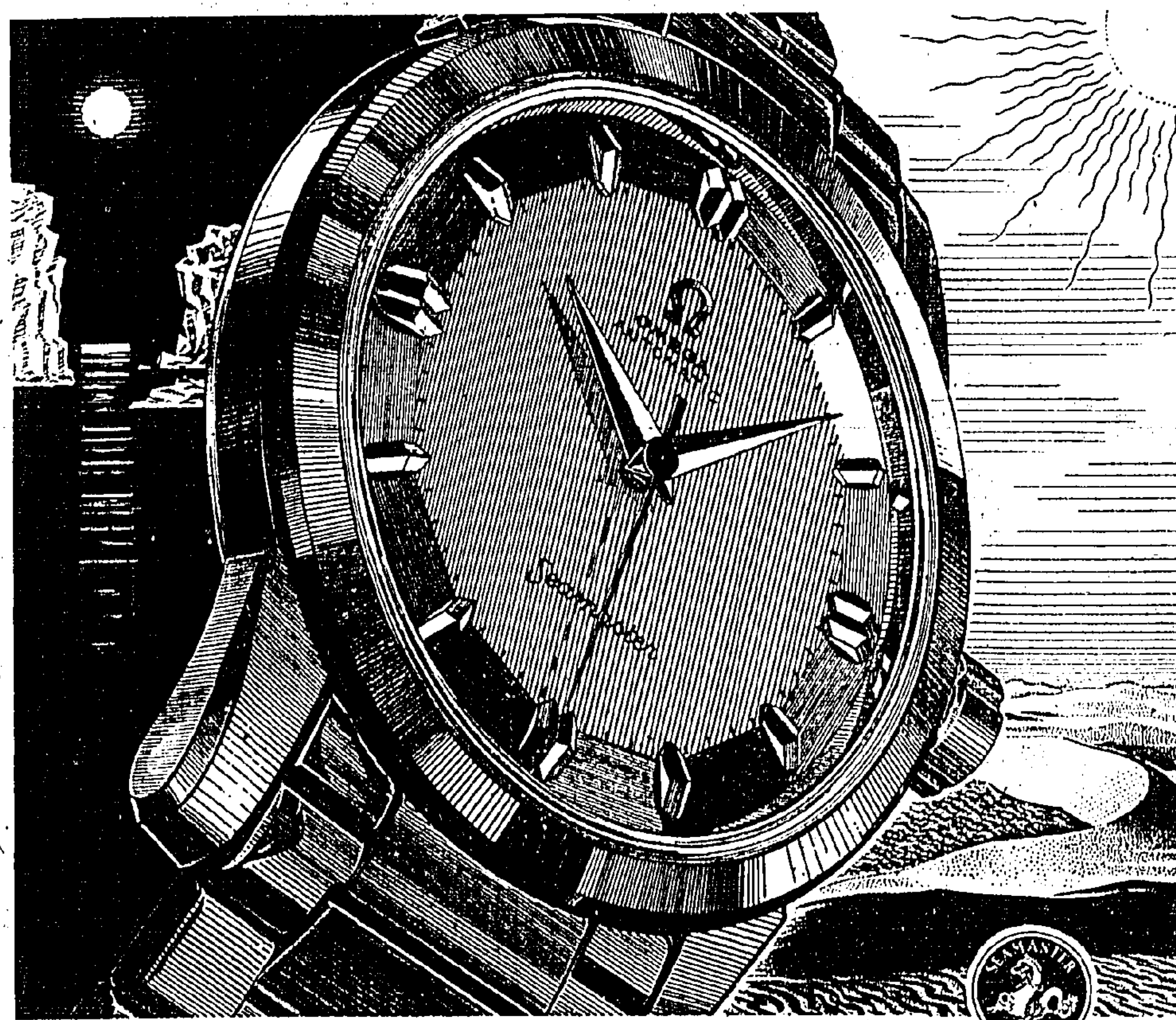


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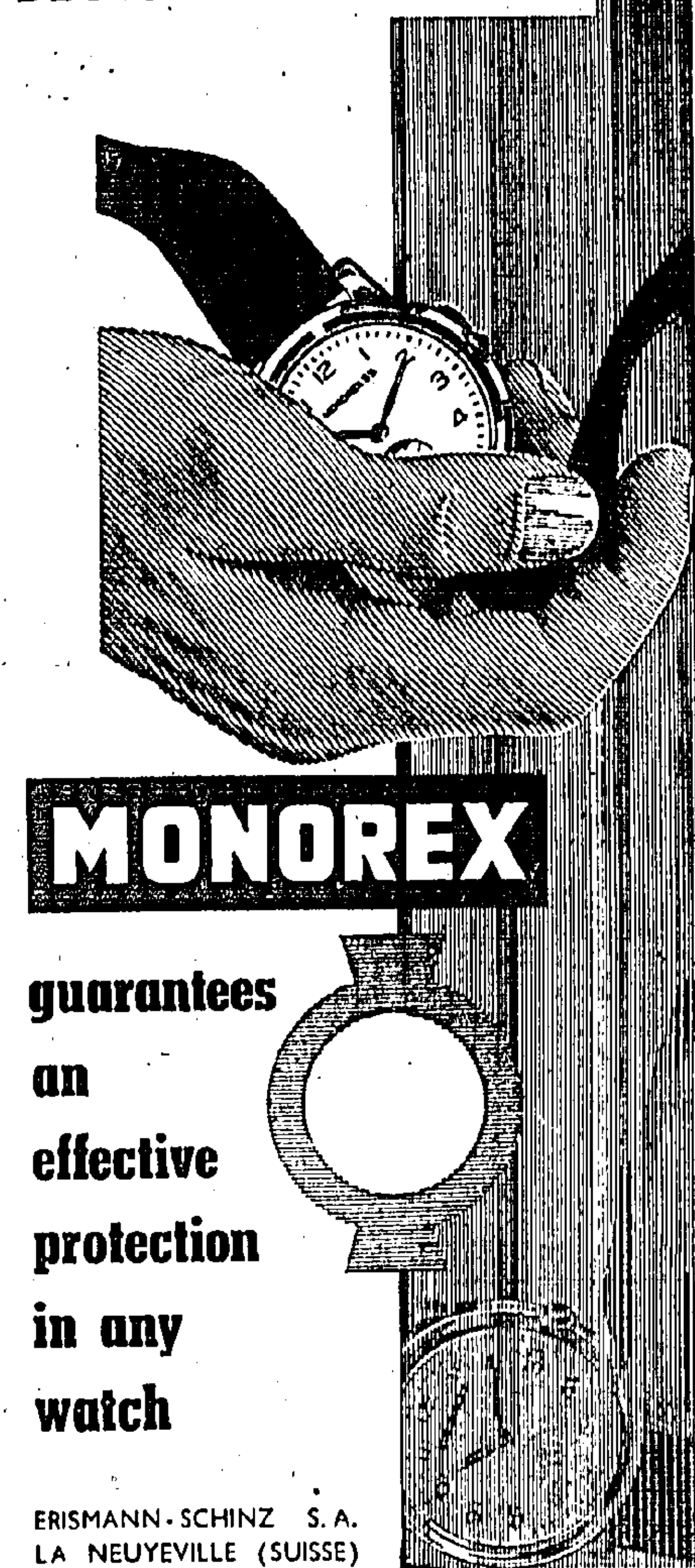
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# Parliament's No Man's Land

VISITORS to the British House of Commons often ask about the significance of a narrow pink strip of carpet in front of the first line of benches on both sides. The answer is quite simple. When the debate is in full blast no Socialist or Tory front bencher can advance beyond that warning strip. If he did he would be immediately called to order by Mr Speaker. In fact the space between the two strips is equivalent of no man's land.

The origin of this device is clear to all of us that the Minister's patience was at breaking point. Lening across the Dispatch Box and fixing his gaze on Hugh Gaitskell he said: "The House may remember a saying of Mr Marx Groucho, not Karl—who said 'Sir I never forget a face but I will make an exception in your case'."

Actually there was a moment recently when this long established rule might well have been useful. We were debating the bus strike with all its actual and potential dangers as well as its bad feeling. The Labour Opposition had moved a vote of censure on the Government for its failure to deal adequately and fairly with the demands of the transport workers, and the House was packed.

When the Opposition leader, Hugh Gaitskell, had ended his speech he was followed by Iain Macleod, the Government's Minister of Labour. Macleod hit hard and we could sense the strain that he had undergone, but he was perfectly fair in his analysis of the causes of the strike and in his suggestions for bringing it to an end. But as his speech entered on its final phase he suddenly paused and pointed to Social. Leader Hugh Gaitskell who was sitting directly opposite.

In cold, icy tones the Minister said: "I agree with Mr Gaitskell that the industrial situation is very serious indeed. I have deliberately not launched an attack on him or on the Labour Party, nor have I commented, as I thought at first I would, on the Trade Union Council statement that was issued yesterday."

Macleod paused emboldened. Something pretty tough was coming and we waited for it with mixed feelings. It was

## DO YOU KNOW THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NARROW STRIP OF CARPET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS?

matter lies. Because of his refusal on Friday to say a single word that would uphold the authority of an arbitration award, because of his mischievous speech over the weekend, if we are to vote tonight then let the censure of the House be on Mr Gaitskell tonight and on the country tomorrow."

There was nothing startling about either his military career or his earlier scholastic attainments at school and the University but they revealed two things—he had tenacity and he had a stubborn courage.

And now in the greatest Parliament in the world he was giving a terrific punishment to the Welsh spell-binder—Aneurin Bevan the man with the gift of words and the aura of drama. But perhaps the bravest thing he ever did was to publish a book called "Bridge is an Easy Game". Incidentally, he was for a time Editor of the Sunday Times and is one of the best players in Britain.

Yet the lame that centred on him after his pummelling of Aneurin Bevan was to be clouded by domestic sorrow. His wife was stricken with an illness that threatened paralysis. For months she was an invalid, confined to her home, and the flashing eyes of Iain Macleod were dimmed and shadowed. He had been given the toughest job in any Conservative Government—Minister of Labour and he spent his time between his heavy political tasks and being with his stricken wife. But the gods were kind. Mr Macleod began a steady recovery and Iain plunged into the vortex of politics with renewed vigour.

Few of the sons of Scotland have any inherited money and Macleod is not an exception. There were no roses strewn upon his path but plenty of thistles. It came one day in the 1951 Parliament when the Socialists began to power and Aneurin Bevan had opened the debate with his usual skill plus his Welsh eloquence. In fact Aneurin was in fine form and made great play with us on the Opposition Benches.

But the British Parliament possesses a psychic quality and the news began to spread that a chap named Macleod was making a remarkable speech. The tidings filtered to the smoking room, to the libraries and even to the Terrace. Soon the empty benches were packed with M.P.'s. In fact there was not sitting room for all the members, and it was literally a case of "Standing Room Only" and precious little of that. Even the peers heard about it and crowded the special bench in the gallery which is reserved for members of the House of Lords.

Yet Macleod had neither the manner nor the voice of a successful career politician. His voice was hard, rather metallic; and his round face and head left no suggestion of aristocratic lineage. But he had the breeding which has produced so many

House of Commons on lines that have nothing to do with party, but purely of age. It is true that the Prime Minister served in the trenches in 1914 and we still have Churchill in our midst but so swift is the flight of years that already the M.P.'s who fought against Hitler are being looked on as veterans even though they lack the venerable quality of those of us who did our fighting against the Kaiser's Germany.

In politics the British distrust youth even though Anthony Eden captured the imagination of the world when he entered Parliament as the handsome Crown Prince of the Conservative political kingdom. At the same time the Tories do not overvalue the ripeness of the years when it comes to leadership, for they remember Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain and Ramsay MacDonald who were destroyed by the strain of events.

As I see it the battle of the next ten years in the British Parliament might resolve itself into a struggle between Iain Macleod and Aneurin Bevan. It may be that Macleod has dreamed of this—and even politicians are entitled to their dreams—for he spends much of

— Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

## BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

A FANATICAL taxidermist said yesterday: "The enormous fish-like monster seen early this morning on the east shore of Loch Ness is either a stuffed whale or a pteropseudonyx—a colossal beast which lived in the Mozambique Strait 3,754,000,000 years ago, and has not been seen since."

Asked if the creature could have recently come overland to Loch Ness, the taxidermist said: "Not without being observed." Asked if many whales are stuffed nowadays, he said: "No. It would be a waste of time. You could hardly stick them above a club mantelpiece without protest."

### The epidemic at Narkover

IT was ascertained yesterday that the Narkover house-matron who dispenses red and white wine in lieu of cough mixture at a reasonable price is the aunt of a new boy whose father is the wine merchant supplying the wines. There's such a din of coughing all over the school that you can hardly hear yourself speak. To give an air of genuineness to the racket, the masters who call for a bottle every morning wear mufflers and have their temperatures taken. One anxious mother wrote to the head master complaining that her son had been suffering from a cough ever since the term began, and that the bill for medicine seemed excessively high. Dr. Smart-Allick replied: "The finest medicine from the vineyards of France is an education in itself. We have to keep up this cough stunt because three of the school governors are katoenlers."

### My ear to the ground

A RUMOUR is running like fire through an Oriental bazaar filled with stubble, that

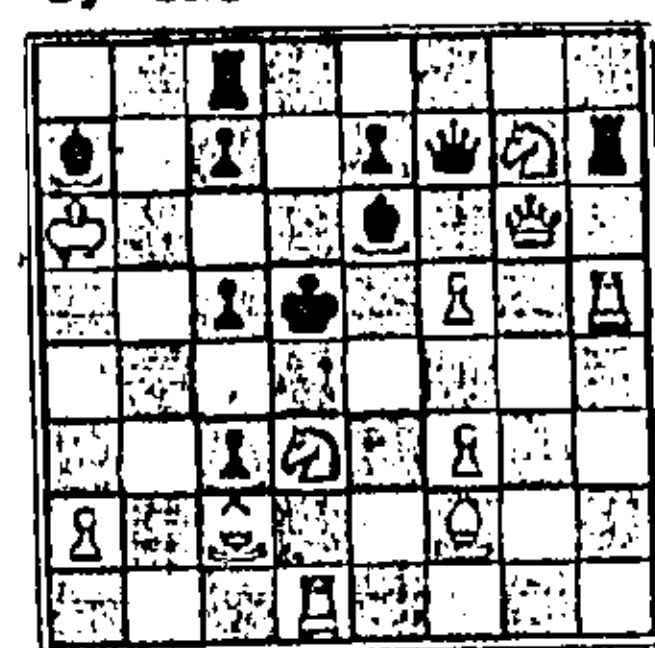
the millions of tons of surplus coal sold by the Coal Board to the Central Electricity Generating Board are to be re-sold to the Oil Board. The Turnip Board has protested. Said a spokesman: "There are many Boards which need the surplus coal even less than any of those three Boards and could make a worse use of it." The Society for the Preservation of the Severn Tunnel and/or Clifton Suspension Bridge denies any knowledge of the matter.

### Well played, sir!

A WRITER says that most triumphs in sport, politics, and business come from the ability to think more quickly than your opponent. That, almost word for word, was the useful utterance of a cannibal chief whose greediest son had been eaten by an explorer.

## CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem of R. Colman (Le Liorne, 1923) White to play and mate in two moves.  
Solution No. 4421: 1 R-R3 ch 1, BxR. 2 Q-R7 ch R-B1: 3 QxR ch R-R2: 4 Q-Q7 ch R-R2: 5 QxR: ch R-Q3: R-R4 mate.  
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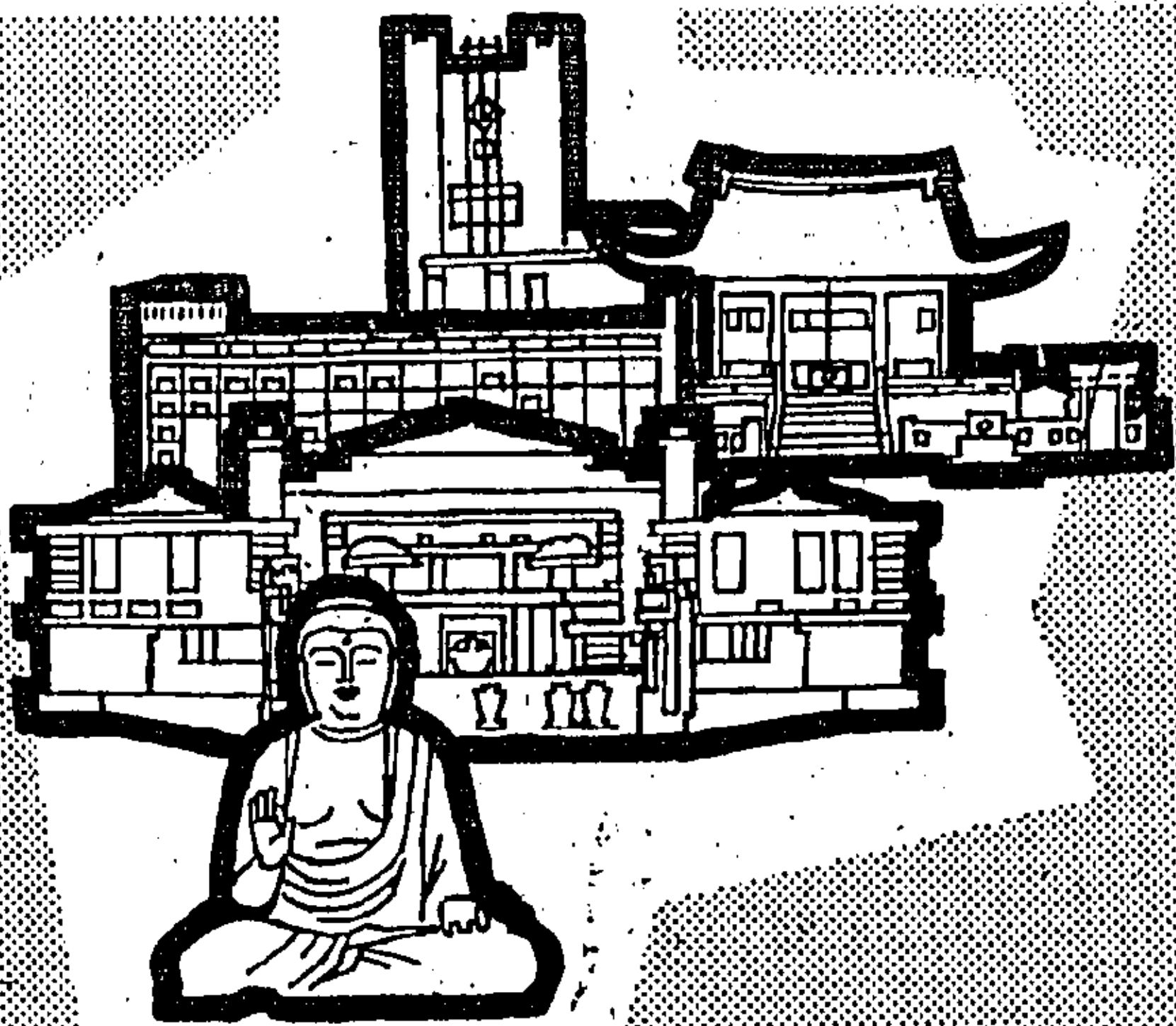
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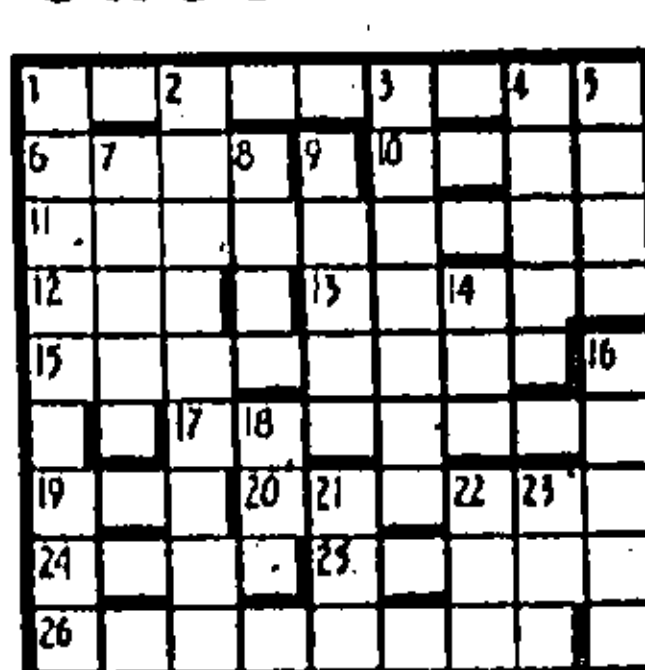
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## CROSSWORD



Across  
1. Horse. (9)  
2. Period of time. (4)  
3. Disinfectant. (9)  
4. 12. Exotic. (3)  
5. African rodents. (5)  
6. Gambling game. (4, 4)  
7. On the march. (5)  
8. Jock. (3)  
9. 20. Placed. (6)  
10. Precious metal. (4)  
11. Girl's name. (5)  
12. Traitor in court? (5, 5)  
Down  
1. Silver coins. (5)  
2. By the look of it. (9)  
3. Publisher's name. (7)  
4. Parker's land. (6)  
5. Goes down. (4)  
6. Workers who are joyful. (2, 3)  
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"I don't care if they don't love him any more because he's engaged—that's the last lot of Tommy Steele we're buying today."



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Week-End Weather Forecast:  
WARM and SUNNY

By JOY MATTHEWS

## YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

## SATURDAY, JUNE 21

**B**ORN today, you are one of those positive, rather aggressive individuals who always seems to be going somewhere in a hurry. You have a wealth of talent in a number of directions and, because of this, you must be highly selective in your area of concentration. You are gifted in the creative arts, are imaginative and have a sense of drama and poetry. Yet you are essentially a "doer," not a dreamer. Unless some talent can be converted into a practical occupation, you are apt to drop it and go on to something else. Be careful that this habit doesn't make you a good starter—but one who rarely finishes the job!

You have intuitive powers which at times appear to border upon the psychic. Often you can give no reason for your decisions or offer explanations for your sudden actions. You seem to sense such things. If you stick to your guns and are not dissuaded to do otherwise against your better judgment, you will find that you are usually right. You have a sharp sense of humor and a gift for mimicry. Highly critical of the follies of others, you can sometimes hurt them by being too frank.

Although it might appear that your life would be an easy one, this may not be the case. There can be a series of alternating good and bad events which may leave you gasping. However, you have the happy faculty of being able to land on your feet and start right over again in your march toward success. Emotional by nature, you are affectionate and loving. Your marriage should be a happy one.

Among those born on this date were: Rockwell Kent, artist and illustrator; Martha Van Rensselaer, noted Cornell educator; Reinhold Niebuhr, theologian and author; Martha Washington, wife of the first President; Henry Holden Huss, pianist and composer; Henry Guy Carlton, playwright; and Arnold Lucius Gesell, psychologist and pediatrician.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

## SUNDAY, JUNE 22

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—A fine day for a family outing, preferably at the seashore if you live nearby. Enjoy rest and relaxation.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—A harmonious, pleasant day for everyone within the family circle. Forget tensions and work pleasantly together.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Take time out to make important future plans. Vacation coming up? See that all arrangements are made.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This can be your happiest Sunday to far this month. Plan activities suitable to the day and enjoy yourself thoroughly.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Some special joy can be tributed immeasurably to your future welfare and happiness. Make plans now.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Your health may need consideration now. Guard against any serious upset. Get some extra rest today.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A friendly contact may lead to making plans for a trip to gother later in the summer. It could be fun!

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Relax and restore physical and mental energies today. Get outdoors. Perhaps this is your vacation. Enjoy it.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—There is romance in the air, so be prepared to meet that "one and only." Keep any eye out, anywhere.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A short trip, if the weather is fine, would build up your energies. There are some busy days ahead for you.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—There may be business affairs that need thoughtful consideration at this time. Be prepared to act later.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—One of those days when personal affairs reach a high peak of success. Probably your best Sunday of the month.

## SUNDAY, JUNE 22

**B**ORN today, you have a dramatic imagination and can see the unusual, even in the ordinary, everyday affairs of living. Undoubtedly the stage will attract you either as a dramatist, in an acting role, on the producing end or as an observer! In fact, all of the arts appeal to your imagination and you may be proficient in more than one area of artistic expression. Your greatest need will be for narrowing down your interests so that you become proficient in one.

You have a serious case of "gypsy foot" and will enjoy travelling about your own country as well as in foreign lands. It is just possible that you will get this out of your system by middle life and then want to settle down permanently in one spot. Just make sure that the one you wed like being on the go as much as you do yourself. Otherwise you may find that your interests—and eventually your lives—go off in separate directions.

You seem to have a gift for language and probably will become fluent in several. Since your gift for public speaking as well as your writing ability is outstanding, you will be one of those rare individuals who writes as well as he speaks—or vice versa. This is a happy combination and will make you popular wherever you go. You will make many acquaintances throughout the world, but it is likely that your circle of intimate associates will be small and a closely-knit one. Only those who can contribute something to the group are welcome!

Among those born on this date were: Sir Henry Rider Haggard, novelist; Conrad Jerrold and William Flinn, authors; Arthur Gilman, educator and founder of Radcliffe College; and Francis Lathrop, artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

## MONDAY, JUNE 23

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Minor upsetting delays may cause trouble, so get an early start on the day's work and move cautiously.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—There can be interference with plans you have previously made. Adapt yourself to any changes diplomatically.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be tactful and guard against an impulsive action which can upset well-laid plans. Count to 10 if angry!

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Fold to familiar routine for the best results. Postpone decisions on new matters until later.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—There are favorable aspects but some delays, so work your plans out carefully ahead of time.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Select the best method for doing a job. Cut red tape at the office and benefit from the resulting shortcuts.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Not the time to force issues. Let things evolve naturally and take full advantage of the forward drift.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Be careful when it comes to financial arrangements involving another. All partnership ventures need to be watched.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Tact is of the utmost importance just now. Friction can cause a serious upset unless you are very careful.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Serving others today may bring a feeling of self-satisfaction. Just now, friction can cause a serious upset unless you are very careful.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Don't complain about things as they are. If you don't like them, just set about correcting them.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—Avoid taking any health hazard today. Follow through with your regular routine. Avoid new projects until later.

**T**HIS year the news in sun and sea clothes is certainly brief. The leggy look is right for men and women—shorts are shorter, jeans are tighter, and a sun-dress is so short that it has to have its own little pantaloons to make it wearable.

And here, from the left, are some examples:

★ ★ ★  
1 The baby doll sun-dress—so short that it is practically shirt and shorts. In red, yellow, or, never still, black—the outstanding colour on Italian beaches this year. Price: £4.

2 The new craze for crochet in France has found its way to the beach. A sleeveless sweater—still the prettiest idea of all for the sun—in a sun-drenched tangleline with a stand-away collar, striped in white and black. Price: 5 guineas.

3 Drying-up shirt in striped terry towelling that's smart enough for drinks at the Casino after the beach. This year's colour for men, Costa Brava brown, with white stripes and white collar and cuffs.

4 Skin-tail—this one, from Switzerland, shows off a pretty figure. In lemon and orange, the wide straps shift about easily for avoiding zebra stripes. Price: £6 5s.

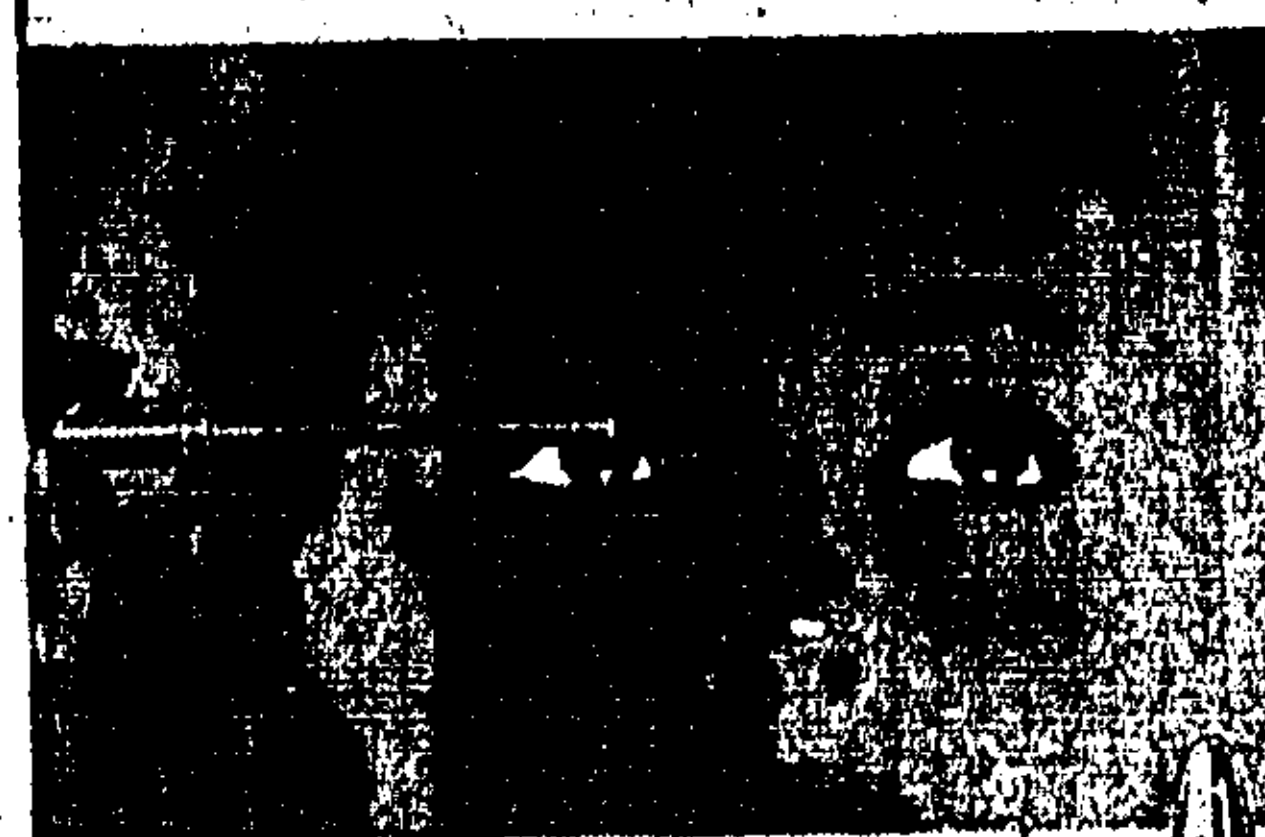
★ ★ ★  
5 Now you see her—now you don't. The bikini girl has a complete cover-up "blouson" that hides that first day out rawness, or shows off that fortnight's sunning. In a jolly, gay print, the bikini fits like a good bikini should—and so it ought to for £11 15s. the set.

6 Something absolutely new. Bright Italian blue poplin shirt—it's front a sort of heavy cotton crochet to give it a more straggling-along-to-Fortin look—with short shorts to match. Six guineas for the shirt, 67s. 6d. for the shorts.

7 Shirt and shorts to shock them—in heavy striped cotton, in light tan, late tan and white. Price, 84s. the shirt, 67s. 6d. the shorts.

8 Short, shorter, shortest of all—the leggy look here. Is broken only by a brief bikini that narrows to just two inches at the sides. In extra stripes, this set, to the spring 20/10s. and summer for 36s.

## The first brushless mascara!

Helena Rubinstein  
Mascara-Matic

curls, colours, waterproofs lashes!

THROW AWAY those old-fashioned messy brushes—Helena Rubinstein's brushless MASCARA-MATIC is here! In a wink! Unscrew and pull out applicator, sweep lashes: they're curled and coloured! Waterproof! The Waterproof Mascara formula won't smudge, smear or streak even in the rain! Controlled! Every time you open your MASCARA-MATIC, it supplies just the right amount of mascara to beautify both eyes. Three colours! Black or Brown for day or flattering Blue for nights.

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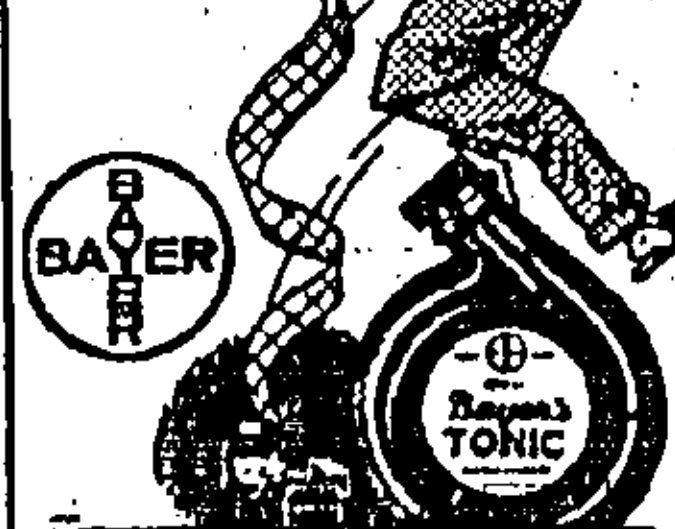
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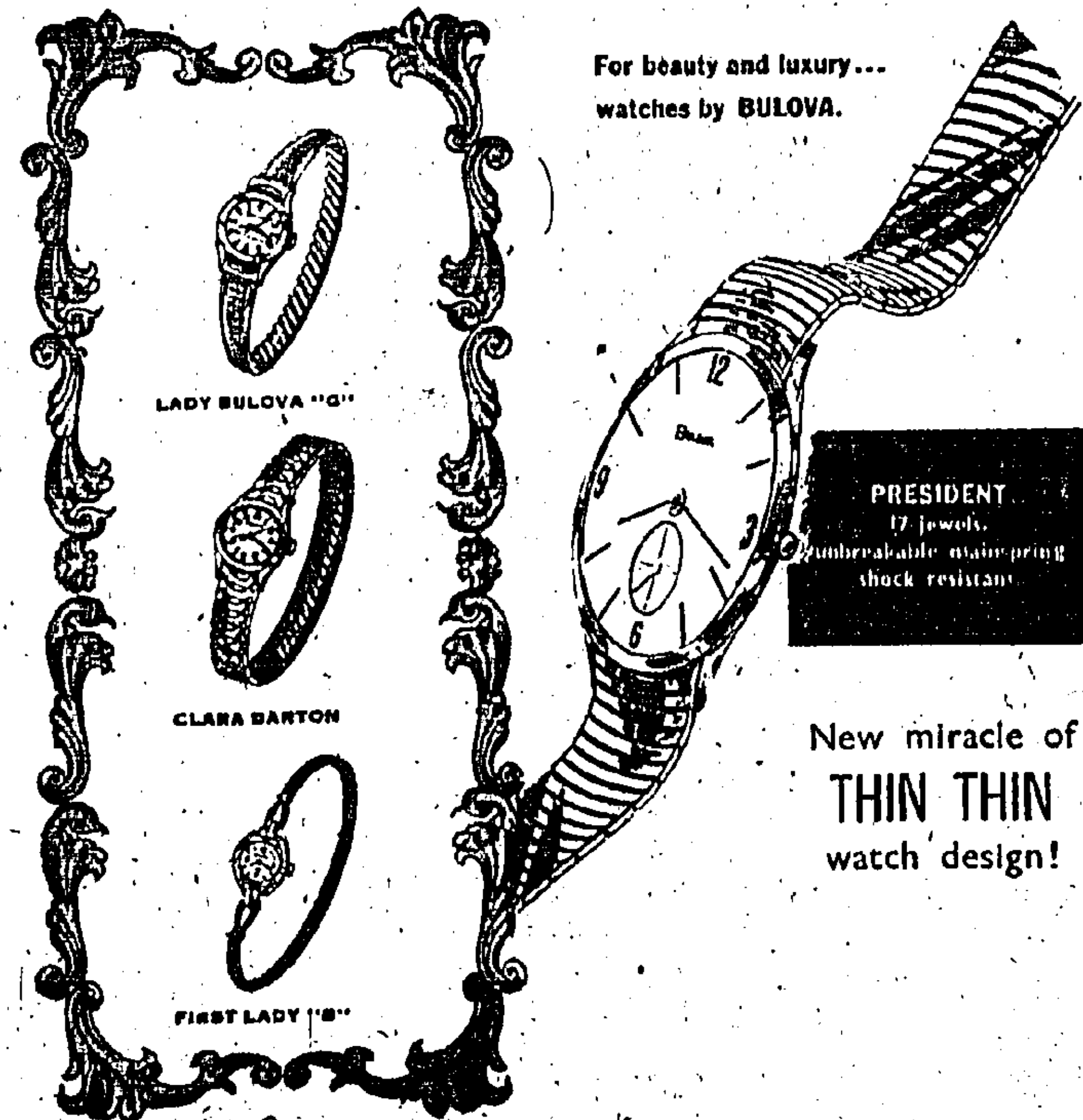
Miss DIANA MA

(Beauty Specialist, Helena Rubinstein  
Institutions, London, Paris)

## Salon d'OR

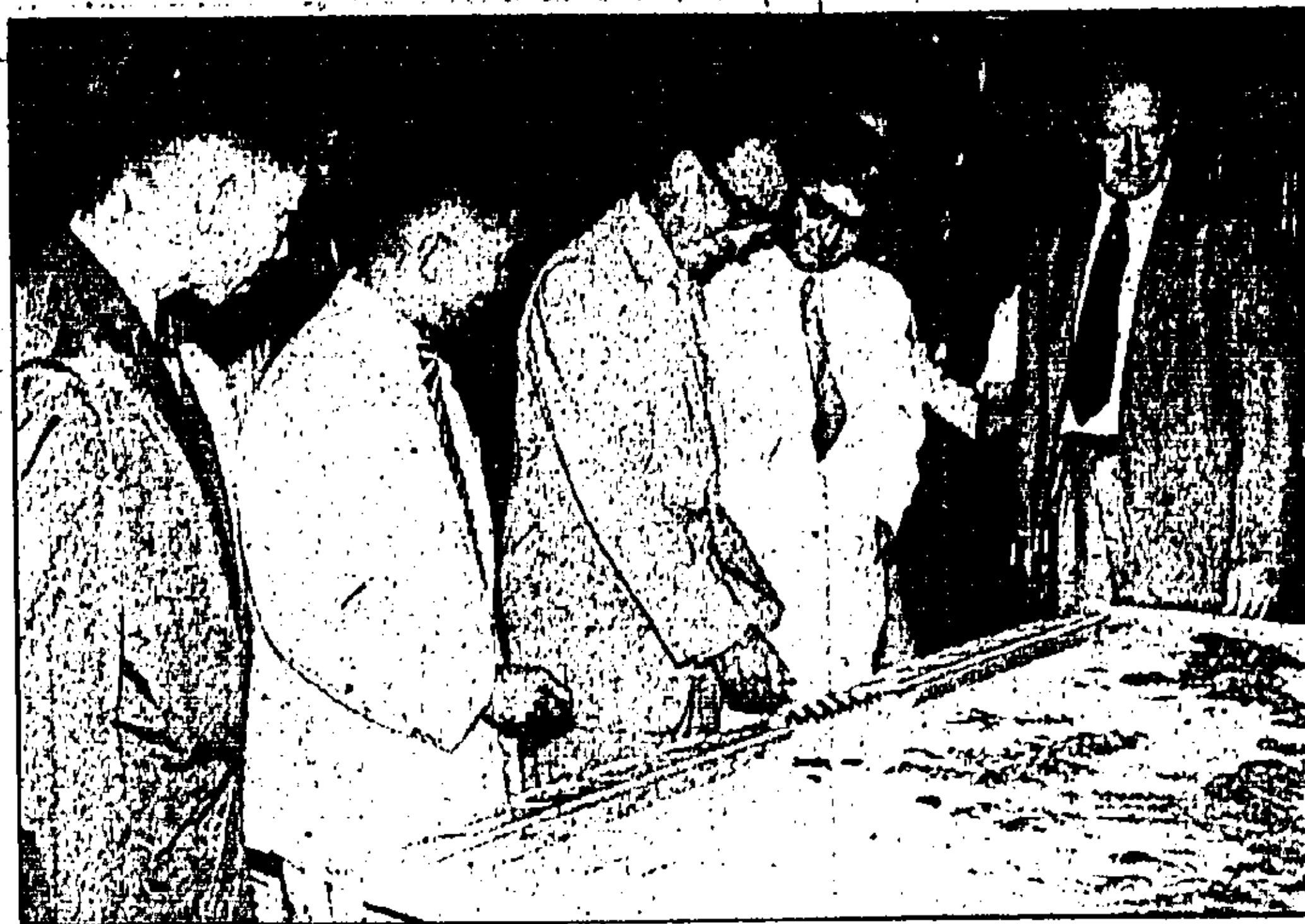
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ABOVE: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black, examines a relief model of Hong Kong, Kowloon and adjacent islands during a recent visit to the Hongkong Tourist Association Centre. He is flanked by (l-r) Mr Peter Tay, Mr Paul Tay, Mr W. G. C. Knowles and Major H. F. Stanley.

RIGHT: Mrs D. E. Greenfield (extreme left), Chairman of the Hongkong Council of Women, helps herself to curry at Wednesday's luncheon meeting of the group.

BELOW: Mr F. B. Fearon (right) of the Inland Revenue Department, eyes the silver tea set given him on the occasion of his pending retirement. Other retiring members of the Department, who also received mementoes, were (l-r) Mr Leung Tuk-wa, Mr Lai Hon-cho and Mr Au Young-chong.



ABOVE: H. W. Forsyth (centre) receives the "A" Division Cup from Mrs F. E. Stock, wife of the Commodore of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club, during last Saturday's presentation of prizes at Kellott Island.



ABOVE: H.E. the Governor and Lady Black gave a tea party at Government House on Wednesday for the participants of the 6th Inter-Varsity Games between the Hongkong University and the University of Malaya. They are seen with Miss Barbara Black (right) greeting the guests.

LEFT: Four more refugees emigrated to the United States on the ss President Wilson last week. They are (l-r): Mr Yang Shing-kwo, Miss Chang Tse-pun, Miss Colman Lok and Mr Victor Ho.



BELOW: A farewell party for Mr R. P. Moodie, Manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, who will retire shortly, was given at Maxim's on Monday by Mr Ho Tim, Chairman of the Chinese Gold and Silver Exchange Society. Pictured are: (l-r) the Hon. M. W. Turner, Mr Ho Tim and Mr Moodie.



Mr and Mrs Jeffrey Sun Hon-kun after their wedding at St Paul's Church recently. The bride was the former Miss Patsy Sui Pak-chi. —Edward Yick Photo.



MR and Mrs Mal-man Fong after their wedding at the Baptist Church, Sterling Road, last Saturday. The bride was the former Miss Hannah Sok-kee Mui.



By CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS

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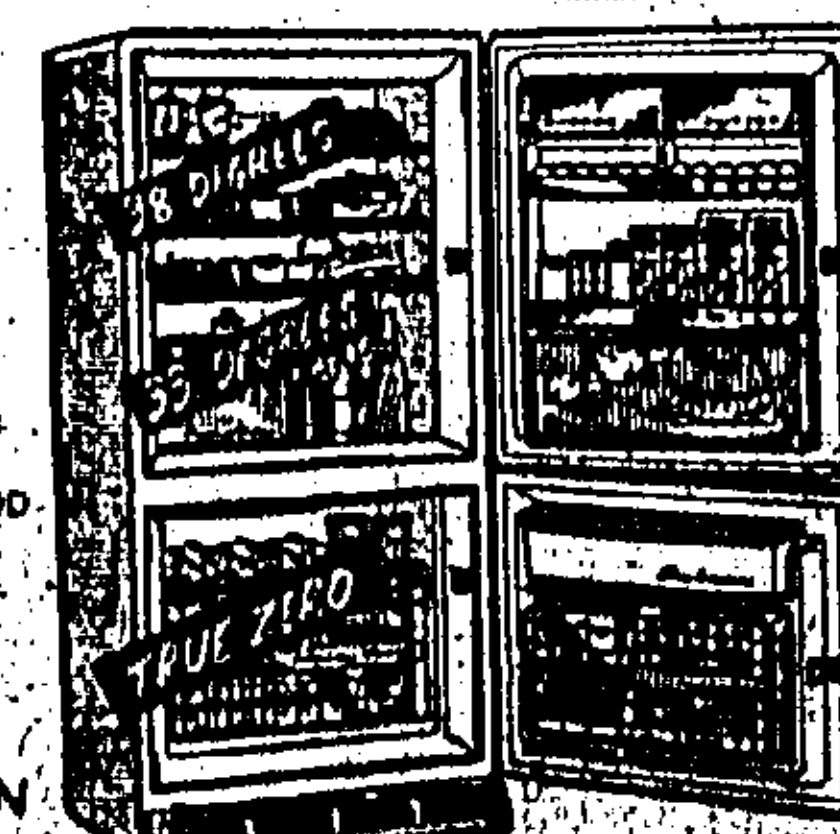
THIRTY-SEVEN members of the Montgomery Tour, headed by Mrs G. J. Montgomery, wife of a U.S. Navy attorney in Manila, arrived last Saturday in the ss President Wilson. The group comprises wives and other dependents of U.S. servicemen.

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It's PHILCO'S exclusive  
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Has a place for everything,  
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**GILMANS**





ABOVE: A scene from the play "The Scholar and the Maid," presented by the nursing and general staff of the Grantham Training Hospital on the institution's first anniversary recently.

★

RIGHT: Mr. Wilson T. S. Wang of the Hongkong Jaycees lays the foundation stone of Peng Chau Island's first health clinic which is being built by the Jaycees and the Islanders' Resident Association.

★

BELOW: Some of the 61 guests who went on Cathay Pacific Airways' courtesy flight around Hongkong, on Monday when the airline introduced its new DC-6B aircraft with a champagne and caviar airborne party. Flight stewardess June Rodrigues (back to camera) is seen serving a passenger.



ABOVE: Professor F. S. Drake (second from left) cuts the ribbon at the opening of the Seal Exhibition at the Hongkong Arts and Literature Centre, Man Yee Building, on Monday. Chinese seals by Hongkong and Macao artists were put on display.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: The dragon's head on the bows of one of the boats that will take part in the annual Dragon Festival at Aberdeen this morning. Special "life-giving" ceremonies were held earlier this week when Taoist priests dabbed blood from freshly-killed roosters on the dragon heads.



THE Ladies' Recreation Club held a children's swimming gala at the Club's pool last Saturday. Splashing away merrily during one of the events are some of the competitors (above). Mrs. G. P. Norton is seen at left presenting a prize to one of the winners.

★

BELOW: Three boys of the Printing Section of the St James' Settlement run the presses during the opening of the exhibition of the Settlement's activities which was opened at St John's Cathedral Hall on Tuesday.



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PICTURES  
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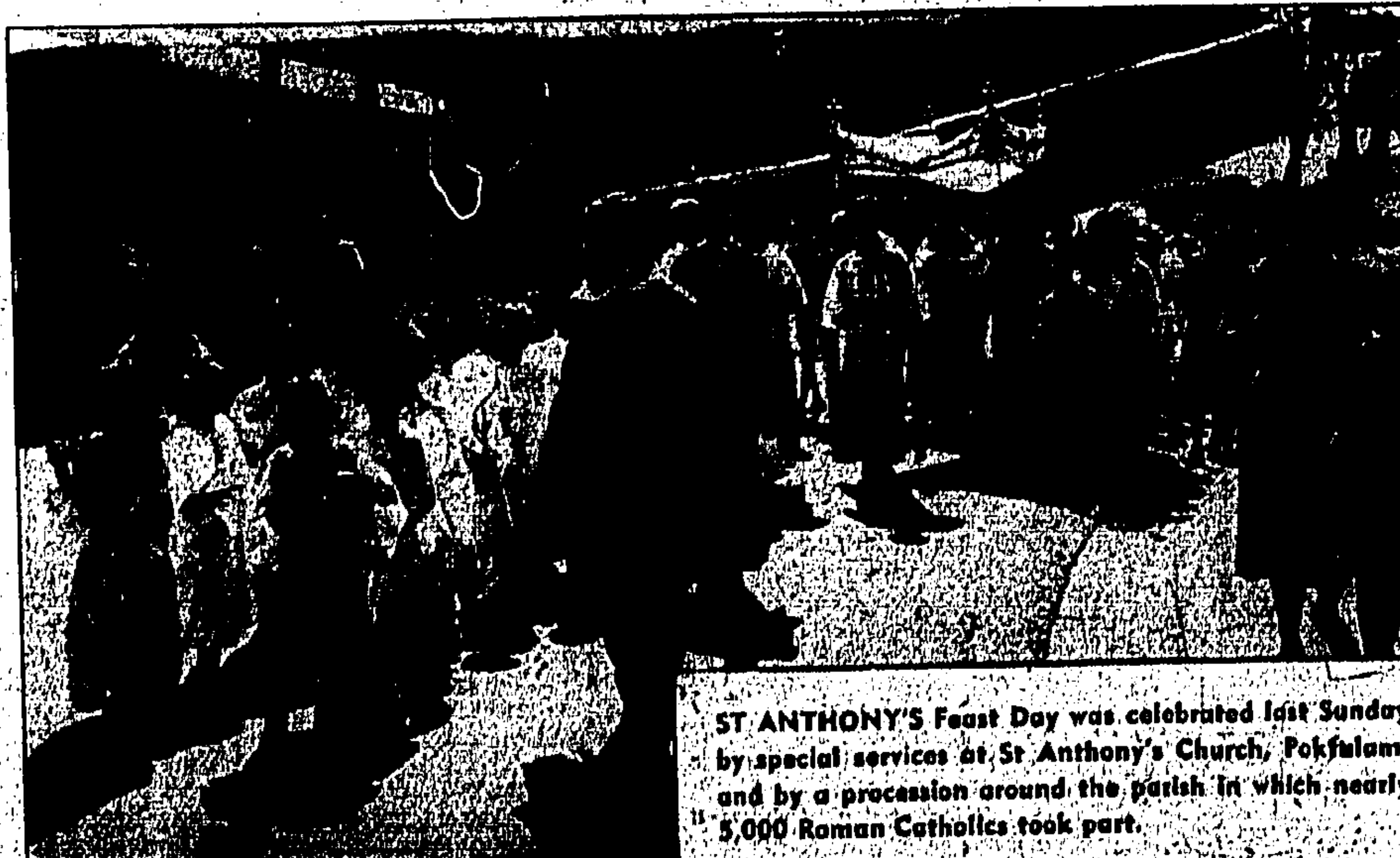


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ST. ANTHONY'S Feast Day was celebrated last Sunday by special services at St. Anthony's Church, Pokfulam, and by a procession around the parish in which nearly 5,000 Roman Catholics took part.

*The  
Restaurant  
in Kowloon*



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★ ★ ★

## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

by Anne  
Glidewell

THE MAN who said all wives could save a day a week by more efficient working has proved it. He was challenged by Mrs Patricia Maddison, of Wol-verhampton.

Time-and-motion study expert Kenneth Lindon-Travers has just spent a whole day with Mrs Maddison in her home, following her every chore with stop-watch.

The wife under  
a stop-watch

BELOW: The time-and-motion study expert Lindon-Travers (centre) and assistant Bill Port put the watch on Mrs. Patricia Maddison



HERE is how Lindon-Travers and his assistant Bill Port created a day of leisure for 31-year-old Mrs Maddison. The Maddisons live in a modern three up and one down, easy to run, semi-detached house. Three children (Diana, 10, Christopher, seven, and Penny, six) go to school, come home for lunch, and then, three, is home all day. The house is half an hour from the nearest shopping centre, 20 minutes from the bus route. Mrs Maddison copes with a family wash for six without a washing machine.

First the house was measured up and an exact scale plan made. Then, stop-watches and charts at the ready, the experts shadowed Mrs Maddison at work for an eight-hour stretch. This was her routine:—

9 a.m. Saw husband off to work, children off to school.  
9.10. Started clearing breakfast table, washed up.  
9.25. Upstairs to make beds, tidy and dust bedrooms.  
9.50. Brushed down stairs.  
9.55. Tidied, dusted, vacuumed living-room.  
10.26. Did daily washing (two girls' dresses, one boy's shirt, one pair of boy's trousers, one cardigan, five pairs of socks).  
11. Tea break.  
11.40. Started preparing lunch (shepherd's pie, cauliflower, rhubarb and custard).  
11.55. Put grocery order away.

12.17 p.m. Laid table.  
12.30. Children home from school.  
12.40. Dished up lunch.  
1.30. Cleared table.  
1.40. Played with Tony in garden.  
2.24. Washed up lunch things.  
2.40. Stoked up boiler.  
2.45. Started ironing (four men's shirts, six pairs of pyjamas, seven pairs of pants, five vests, two tee shirts, six pillowcases, 18 handkerchiefs, one slip, one apron, one tea towel, two tablecloths).  
4.6. Made batch of buns and currant cake.  
4.47. Tea break.  
4.55. Started preparing children's tea.

## So quick

THIS was Ken Travers' general comment on the way she worked: "Mrs Maddison is a hard worker. And she's quick. I thought she was particularly good on the washing-up, which she did in a methodical, well-thought-out way, washing-up on to the left-hand draining-board, then rinsing the dishes and stacking them on the right."

"Her ironing session was a marathon. She got through an enormous amount in 72 minutes. The main fault in her housework routine is not the way she works but the layout of her kitchen and the general lack of storage space in her home."

"In the whole house, there are only three cupboards—a wardrobe in the main bedroom, a small brush cupboard under the stairs and a china cupboard in the kitchen."

"During the day Mrs Maddison spent 60 per cent of her time in the kitchen. But the kitchen layout with three doors breaking up the wall space is frankly impossible. "Although Mrs Maddison is slim, she only just manages to squeeze between the kitchen table and toolbox to get at her larder door. She badly needs some cupboards on the wall for storing dry goods and china and a continuous working surface round one corner of her kitchen with more cupboards below."

"I suggest doing away with the larder altogether."

## Fatigue

HERE are some of his detailed comments on different jobs:—

Bed making: Time spent 8 minutes, 30 seconds. This included a considerable amount of unnecessary walking. Mrs Maddison walked 85ft. making the double bed when she need only have walked 24ft.

Mopping and dusting. Ineffective. Mrs Maddison hardly ever shook her duster out and tended to push the dust around rather than mop it up.

Clearing refuse. There was no refuse bin, so Mrs Maddison had to walk down the garden three times to throw potato and rubbish peelings, etc., on the compost heap.

Food preparation. Carried out on a table only 28 inches high,

which is six inches too low for anyone Mrs Maddison's height (5ft. 2½ in.). This caused her unnecessary fatigue.

She walked a quarter of a mile preparing lunch, a simple meal, simply because she kept her utensils in so many different places.

Clothes washing. Total time 31 minutes 51 seconds. It would save time if larger batches were washed less frequently if possible.

Ironing. Carried on for too long a period, which resulted in Mrs Maddison slowing up by 30 per cent after 45 minutes. We suggest shorter sessions.

## Saving

LINDON-TRAVERS praised Mrs Maddison for her hard work. But his (triumphant) general conclusion was this: "By improving the layout of her kitchen on the lines I have suggested and cutting down excess movement she could have saved 47 minutes on this day."

"She could easily save more time on other days—and so the equivalent of a day each week by cutting out her two weekly shopping trips with Tony in his pram and by getting her husband to take her shopping in the car on Saturday."

LAST WORD BY LINDON-TRAVERS: "This business of planning the household work isn't only a woman's problem. Husbands could help enormously by seeing that their homes are properly equipped. Men might remember that investing in some labour-saving equipment is one way of getting out of the washing-up."

Scampi Is Served  
In The Drawing  
Room

THIS week I have been lucky to find a woman who has some outstanding ideas on party-giving methods as well as good food.

Mrs Nuala Allason, wife of Lieut-Colonel James H. Allason, the Conservative candidate for Hemel Hempstead, is a devoted cook.

In her busy life she still finds time to attend cookery and demonstrations, tries out new ideas, changes dishes to suit herself, then writes them in her large thumb-index book as suitable for parties.

I met Mrs Allason in the gracious pine-panelled drawing-room of her beautiful early-Georgian house in Cheyne Walk.

HELEN  
BURKE

even, basting the ham with white wine. "I like to serve my own version of Cumberland sauce with the ham. It is good, hot or cold."

Here is the recipe for the sauce:

"I do not want to appear to be one of those 'grand hostesses,'" she said, "because I am not. I give informal parties for from 10 to 35 people, where my guests help themselves—but my parties are a little different. I serve the first course in the drawing-room."

"Isn't that a lot more work?" I asked. "The drawing-room is on the floor above the dining-room."

"Not at all, because here I serve such things as fried scampi on sticks, with green mayonnaise, or decent-sized squares of smoked salmon, or shrimp croquettes, also on sticks, so that all help themselves."

It is something, these days, to meet a woman who cooks everything herself and enter-

Put into a saucepan half cup red-currant jelly, half cup brown sugar, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon food stock or meat extract, one tablespoon chopped blanched almonds, a pinch of ground clove, one tablespoon orange peel in half-inch shreds, the juice of one to two oranges and half lemon.

Heat together until the jelly is melted. Add a glass of port. Blend one teaspoon cornflour with one tablespoon cold water. Stir into the sauce and boil up.

★ ★ ★

A Spanish dish Mrs Allason is fond of is paella, made from rice, chicken and lobster. One is enough for six to eight people. "This is a wonderful party dish," said Mrs Allason. "I got the recipe from the cook of my boss on a visit to Spain. I sat in the kitchen and watched every move she made."



Mrs. ALLASON... recipes into the party book.

tain as if she did not. Something, too, to find one who loves cooking (and, I presume, eating), who has two sons, Julian, aged 10, and Rupert, 8½, and yet has herself the figure of a slim "teenager."

"When we have finished with the first course," Mrs Allason went on, "and when everybody seems to know everybody, we go down to the dining-room, where I have my buffet." (The buffet is built into the pine-panelled walls.)

"Sometimes, when the party is a large one, we have an 'overflow' buffet in this small room." (Another paneled one leading off from the main room.)

"I take it that they sit down for these foods?"

"Of course. We have tables set for eight and four. When guests have helped themselves, they find their own places."

Sometimes Mrs Allason serves hot roast turkey with baked ham coated with a mustard and brown sugar crust.

"We estimate the time for completely cooking the ham, then gently simmer it for just short of that time. We then peel off the skin and, having cut the shallows, possible lattice pattern on the fat, cover it with mustard and sugar and insert a clove in each lattice space. We finish off the cooking in the

"Start by soaking a good pinch of saffron in a tablespoon of warm water. Chop an onion and crush two cloves of garlic and gently cook them, without colouring, in a little chicken or pork fat."

"Add four to five tablespoons of olive oil and two cups of unwashed rice and stir all together until a pale gold. Now add enough chicken stock to cover the rice, pepper and salt to taste and the strained saffron. Stir to blend all."

"Cook together for a few minutes then, bury pieces of boiled chicken in the rice and half bury pieces of lobster cut across the shell. On top, put some of those lovely large Mediterranean prawns and, when available, mussels which have been opened. In the usual way on their half shells."

★ ★ ★

"Add also three skinned and diced red sweet-peppers cut in quarters, three quartered tomatoes, a cup each of French beans and peas and some black olives. Add, too, the strained mussels. Add a little more stock or water. If the mixture seems too dry,

"Transfer the pan to a moderately hot oven (375 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit or Regulo 4 to 5) and cook until the liquid has been absorbed by the rice, which should not be at all sticky. That, followed by a bowl of green salad, is very good."

—(London Express Service).

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## THE MOSQUITO PROBLEM IS YOUR CONCERN, TOO

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

MOSQUITOES are pretty much like the weather: everybody talks about them, but nobody does a great deal about them.

Oh, I know that many communities conduct extensive mosquito control programmes and many of these are highly successful. But except for slapping at one of the pests who happens to be biting you, most of you do little about ridding your own neighbourhood of these hungry insects. Mosquitoes are your enemies.

Like an enemy, they should be stamped out as thoroughly as possible. Killing one or two here and there helps, of course, especially if accomplished early in the season. But you can do a lot more simply by eliminating any mosquito breeding places around your home.

Mosquitoes require water. Because of this, you should remove all rain barrels, stagnant pools, even tin cans from around your home. In short, get rid of anything that can collect water. Although mosquitoes do not actually reproduce in shrubbery and tall grass, they frequently can be found nesting there.

## SPRAY SCREENS

Best way to keep them out of your house, of course, is to keep windows and doors screened.

As an added precaution, you can spray the screens with aerosols such as DDT and pyrethrum.

These aerosols are also good for spraying the inside of the house. For best results, close all windows and doors tightly while you spray and keep them closed for about 15 minutes after you have finished the job.

This will give the insecticide enough time to destroy the insects wherever they may be hiding.

A little thought early in the season will prevent a lot of annoying itching later on.

## C-O-O-L

COOL and creamy in a big glass tumbler—that's the way some people like their milk best. But even the best things are boring if you don't vary them from time to time.

Lorna MacLean runs the soda fountain in a Pleadilly store, and spends a lot of her time dreaming up new milk drinks. Some are rich and filling enough to be a whole dessert on their own. Others are pleasant, cooling

drinks for hot, summer days.

They're easier to make if you have a mixer but, if you haven't, an egg-beater and a strong arm are just as effective.

In order of sheer caloric richness, here are her suggestions:—

Blackcurrent milk. Beat a big tablespoonful of blackcurrent syrup into half a pint of milk, chill and serve.

Choffee. Make a dessert-spoonful of chocolate syrup with sweet chocolate powder and

a little milk, beat into half a pint of milk, add a little coffee essence, and serve cool with a blob of chocolate ice cream on top.

Honeyed Egg. Beat a raw egg and a large spoonful of runny honey into a half pint of milk, together with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Looks pale, rich and creamy.

Shake Float. Nicest is strawberry flavoured. One spoon of jam is beaten into the milk—another is dropped in to float on top.









# WAS SIR EDMUND IN THE RACKET?

I HAVE been investigating the tantalising case of the Ghost, the Forger, and the Lady from Texas. A case involving mass fraud; thefts from the British Museum; and the snapping and snarling of elderly scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. A case which could one day over-topple one of the biggest literary reputations of the modern age.

First let us deal with the Ghost. It is a very refined and respected ghost indeed; the ghost of a little, fragile man with glinting spectacles and bird-like poise. His name: Sir Edmund Gosse.

This week, 30 years after his death, Edmund Gosse would be in the news even if it wasn't for the case of forgery. For his greatest book—**FATHER AND SON** (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.)—is republished for the first time in this decade.

Gosse's book describes his extraordinary life with Father, a member of the Plymouth Brethren. It is utterly candid, but full of a sad, subtle humour too.

Take the incident of the Christmas pudding. Papa Gosse abominated Christmas on religious grounds. ("The very word is Popish," he explained.)

He gave strict orders that no difference whatever was to be made in meals on Christmas Day. But one year the Gosse servants made a secret plum pudding and wheeled young Edmund into the kitchen for a bite.

Edmund got stomach-ache. Smitten by conscience he raved. "Oh, Papa, Papa, I have eaten of the flesh offered to idols!"

Gosse continues:—

"My father sternly said: 'Where is the accused thing?' He took me by the hand, and ran with me into the middle of the startled servants, seized what remained of the pudding, and with the plate in one hand and me still tight in the other, ran till we reached the dust-heap, when he flung the idolatrous confectionery on to the middle of the ashes, and then raked it deep down into the mass."

## AT HEART

But Gosse makes it plain that his father was at heart a kind and loving man. And his religion had its lighter moments too.

Take his encounters with the onion man. Lonely little Edmund used to watch with his face pressed against the window for this tall and bony fellow from Jersey to come, striding along the London streets.

The man carried ropes of onions, and cried raucously:—

"Here's your rope... To hang the Pope... And a pen'orth of cheese to choke him!"

Gosse writes:—

"My father did not cut onions, but he encouraged this terrible fellow with his wild eyes and long strips of hair because of his 'bodily attitude towards the Pope,' and I used to watch him dart out of the front door, present his penny, and retire, graciously waving back the proffered onion."

## AN AUTHORITY

Such was Edmund Gosse's childhood. The book ends with his break with his father's religion at the end of adolescence.

But the rest of Edmund's life was very different. Assiduously he cultivated the friendship of all the big poets and novelists of the time.

He was made Librarian of the House of Lords. His essays made him known as the big authority on books. He enjoyed good wine and the company of aristocratic ladies.

He was knighted by George V. When he died in 1928, society mourned; rich and titled men and women signed an appeal for a Gosse memorial.

Which brings me to the Forger in the case.

For one of the men who signed that appeal was Thomas J. Wise, soap merchant and book collector. Wise and Gosse had been bosom friends.

## DISCOVERED

Together they searched Britain for rare books. Together they ransacked the papers of Algernon Swinburne when the tipsy poet died. But after Gosse's death an unparalleled scandal broke over the broad, gold-spectacled head of Thomas Wise.

Two scholars, John Carter and Graham Pollard, discovered that for years a forger had been at work in the book world. Dozens of bogus first editions had been fabricated and sold to rich collectors. Typical was the case of a precious volume of sonnets by Elizabeth Browning, printed privately in Reading in 1847.

Carter and Pollard examined the pages of the slender 1847 volume. They analysed the paper. They found that paper of that sort had not been manu-

factured before 1874. They examined the type. They discovered that certain letters had not been cut before 1880.

They discovered that the volume had not been printed in Reading, but at a printer's in the Strand.

The scholars then turned to 50 other precious editions, of authors ranging from Tennyson to Dickens. They found that they too were fakes, that almost all of them had been printed at the same printer's in the Strand.

## THE EVIDENCE

Who had arranged for the printing? All the paths of evidence led to one man, Thomas J. Wise. He had his own printing done at the place in the Strand. Again and again he claimed to have changed up on the bogus volumes in bookshops.

He helped to sell them to American millionaires. And as each rare edition went up in price at the auctions, Wise or one of his friends "somehow unearthed further copies."

But how is Edmund Gosse involved in all this?

Al, that is where the Lady from Texas comes in.

She is Miss Fannie Ratchford from the University of Texas. In the 1940's she took over the investigation where Carter and Pollard left off.

She seized on the role played by Gosse.

That role was most important in the year when Wise began his career of faking. At that



time everyone thought, quite rightly, that Elizabeth Browning's early love sonnets were first published in a collected edition in 1850. How could Wise get his bogus 1847 edition accepted? Out of the blue the solution occurred.

## EXONERATED

In an essay the great critic, Edmund Gosse, revealed a new secret about his old buddy, Robert Browning. According to this essay, Browning once privately told a friend about a special limited edition of Elizabeth's sonnets; it was printed in Reading; the date a few months after their wedding in autumn 1846.

Browning—said Gosse's essay—deliberately asked his friend not to disclose the secret until after his death.

Who was this convenient friend of Browning's who reported a conversation which never took place about an edition which never existed? In later years (long before the Wise scandal broke, of course) Gosse admitted that he was the friend himself.

What was the explanation? Carter and Pollard exonerated Gosse from guilt. They suggested that Wise had somehow fobbed him off with the false anecdote.

But the Lady from Texas was not satisfied. She pointed out

**Papa Gosse abominated Christmas... he stalked out and flung the 'idolatrous confectionery' into the ashes.**

that Gosse stuck to his version of the anecdote all his life. And she pointed out a strange flaw in it.

Browning wrote openly about his most intimate affairs. Why should he ask Gosse not to mention the simple matter of an early edition until after his death?

Obviously it was a piece of mystification which Gosse had deliberately invented. Obviously Gosse was somehow trying to help Wise with his fraud.

Such was Fannie Ratchford's powerful case. Yet when she printed it in 1944 a load of abuse from bookish men descended on her head.

Why? During the week I met Miss Ratchford, who is visiting Britain for further research into the Wise affair.

## AN UPSTART

In a South Kensington hotel we talked about the pages which Wise cut from old books at the British Museum, and which are now incorporated in volumes he sold to America.

We talked about his motive. (Wise may have made about 100,000 dollars from the whole affair.) Finally I asked her: "Why do you think you were so abused for blaming Gosse?"

Fannie Ratchford said: "Well, no one minded Wise being called a forger. You see, he was not an educated man; he was an upstart. But Gosse was Librarian of the House of Lords; he was knighted."

Miss Ratchford sighed. She went on: "Now I've never thought of a knight or a baronet being likely to be more honest than anyone else. 'Although'—she waved a hand round at Kensington—"I seem to have landed among a whole nest of them here."

## Now you know...

HOW many ordinary members of the public who relish the spectacle of a society wedding appreciate the tense problems of organisation behind it? From a solemn new biography I select two incidents which preceded the wedding (guests invited—1,000) of Patricia, daughter of Earl and Countess Mountbatten.

**INCIDENT ONE:** 6 Soon wedding presents began to arrive and the small house in Chester Street was filled with expensive gifts. One night burglars attempted to enforce an entry. They were unsuccessful, but the incident so preyed on the mind of the butler that for days afterwards he had violent nightmares. Walking in the middle of one particularly vivid dream he found that he had reduced his room to indescribable disorder and beyond the door could be heard raised voices and the tramping of feet.

Peering out, he saw Lord Louis in his pyjamas, leading a posse of policemen who were tearing through the rooms. Lord Louis had heard piercing screams and had instantly summoned the police. When a complete search of the house had been made, the police withdrew, and Lord Louis returned puzzled to bed.

The butler could have told him whose screams he had heard, but he deemed it expedient to remain silent.

**INCIDENT TWO:** 6 With his customary attention to detail Lord Louis had worked out an original ingenious scheme for the parking of the guests' cars. So unusual was it that he wrote one night realising that utter chaos would ensue unless the instructions to chauffeurs and owner-drivers were not immediately changed. The secretaries were aroused, and the work of amendment was instantly put in hand. Towards dawn, when the work was completed, Lord Louis placed the vast stack of envelopes in his car and drove off to post them himself.

From **EDWINA—The Biography of the Countess Mountbatten**, by Madeleine Masson (Hale, 21s.).

RECORD ROUND by RAMSDEN GREIG

## Mr. WAYNE HERALDS A NEW LINE

The boy who takes over from Jerry Lee Lewis comes riding in without a gimmick



TERRY WAYNE  
Wholesome as a bread ad.

THE little man in the Denmark Street bar was carrying a worried expression and, at a rough guess, half a bottle of gin. He was a publicity man, currently employed to boost the sales of gramophone records and sing the praises of those who make them.

In the curious accent of Tin Pan Alley, he said: "Boy, the day of the gimmicks is over. Gimmicks and stunts have got out of hand. Look what happens to the Jerry Lee Lewis gimmick of having a child wife. The kids were disgusted and sent Mr. Lewis packing."

## Talent

"The situation which is about to obtain at any moment is that artists will have to forget about gimmicks and rely on talent. I tell you, boy, the teenagers are getting wise-up and will no longer fall for the phony stories."

For too long Denmark Street has reeked of the cooked-up story. It is about time that the recording star got his golden disc on talent and not on the fact that his forebears were Cherokee Indians or that he has a revolting anatomical wiggle. Which brings us to Terry Wayne, who comes riding in on this fresh breeze.

Mr. Wayne, who has replaced Mr. Lewis on a tour of the Rank Organisation cinemas, is presented to us by the publicity men as good, clean and wholesome.

He is 16 years old, and he comes from Plumstead. He has 706 discs in his record collection, and, dutifully, he sits down every morning for four hours to practise his guitar.

He does not drink, he does not smoke, he does not swear, and he has not married any children recently.

Our new style recording star speaks ill of no one. I quote Kenny Baker original.

has taken on tour: "Crilkey, I think Jerry Lewis is terrific. If he had stayed in the show I'd have gone to see him when the show reached Woolwich."

It's country and Western is your kind of music I recommend. Mr. Wayne's latest On Laneonee Mo (Columbia 78).

His gimmickless treatment of the number is refreshing. On the other side you will find There's Only One of You. This is run-of-the-mill rock-a-billy.

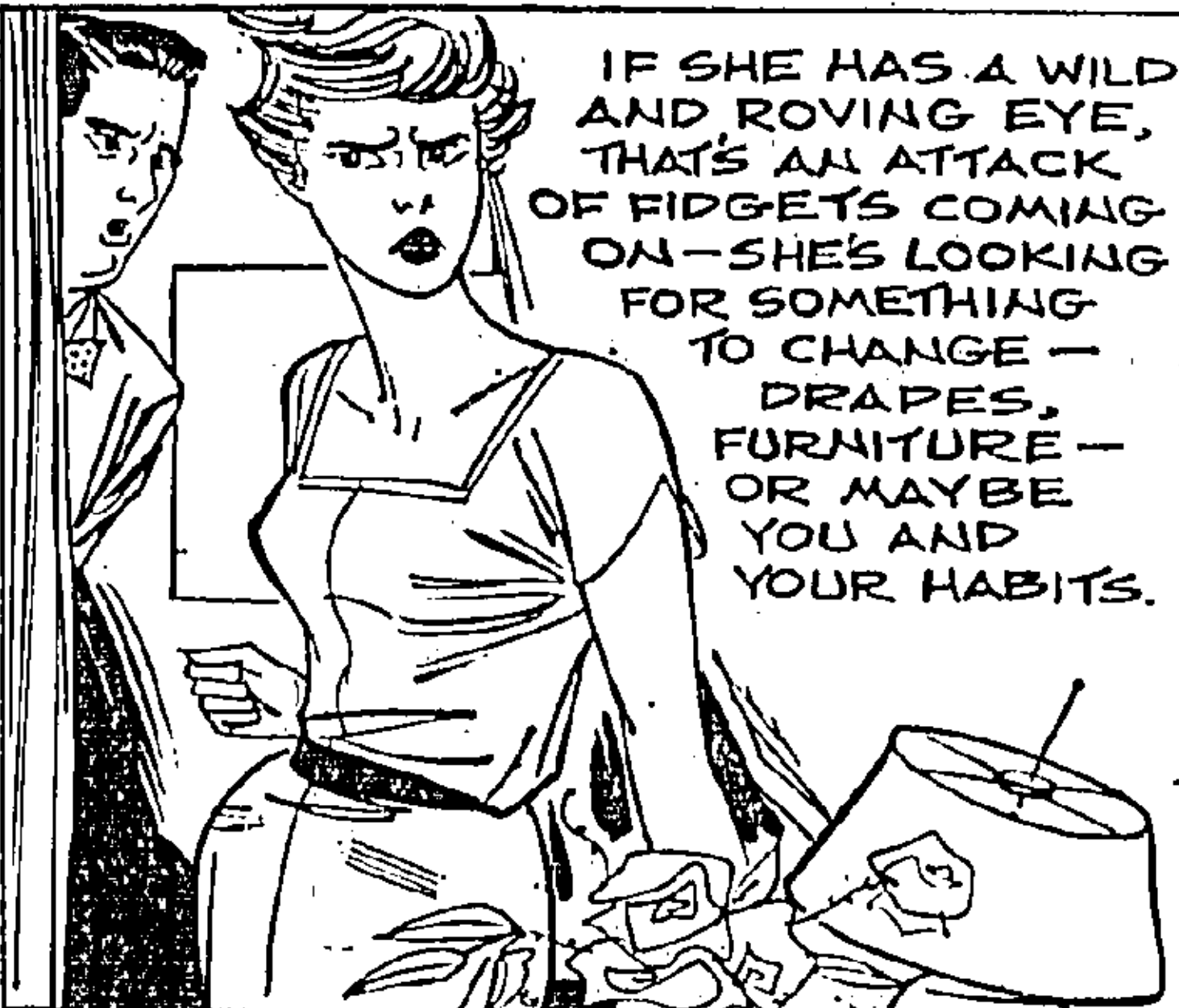
Twenty-four years ago Louis Armstrong made his first European tour. When he got to Paris he recorded St. Louis Blues, Tiger Rag and On the Sunny Side of the Street. You'll find them on Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra (Fontana 45).

This vintage Sachmo is clean-as-a-whistle swell and a must for the collector of traditional jazz.

My Best Buy of the Week: Trumpet Blues (Nixa 78). Kenny Baker and Orchestra give a spirited rendering of the Harry James composition. Equally energetic is the treatment given to the hip-side number Baborloo Non-Stop, a Kenny Baker original.

(London Express Service).

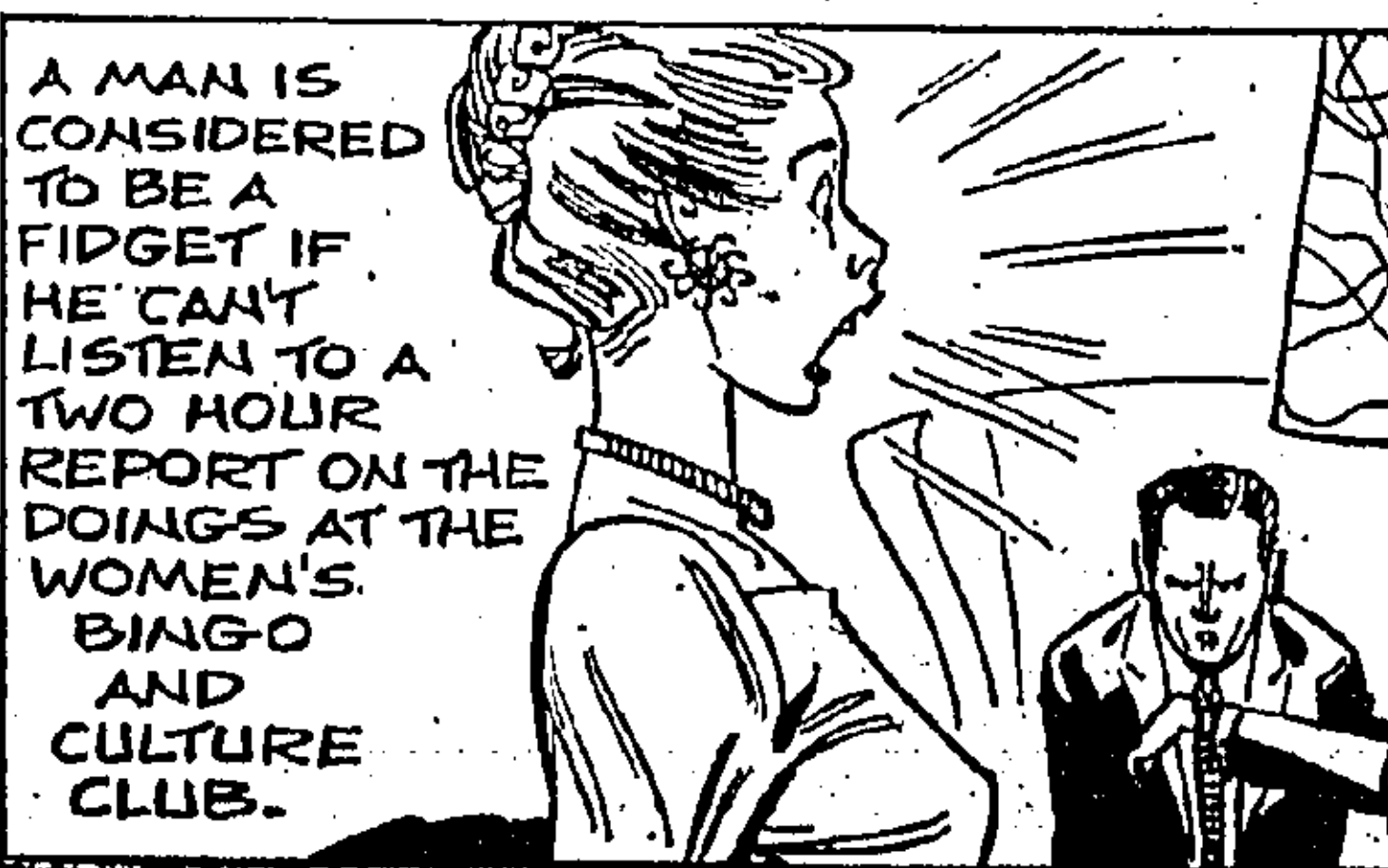
## VIGNETTES OF LIFE



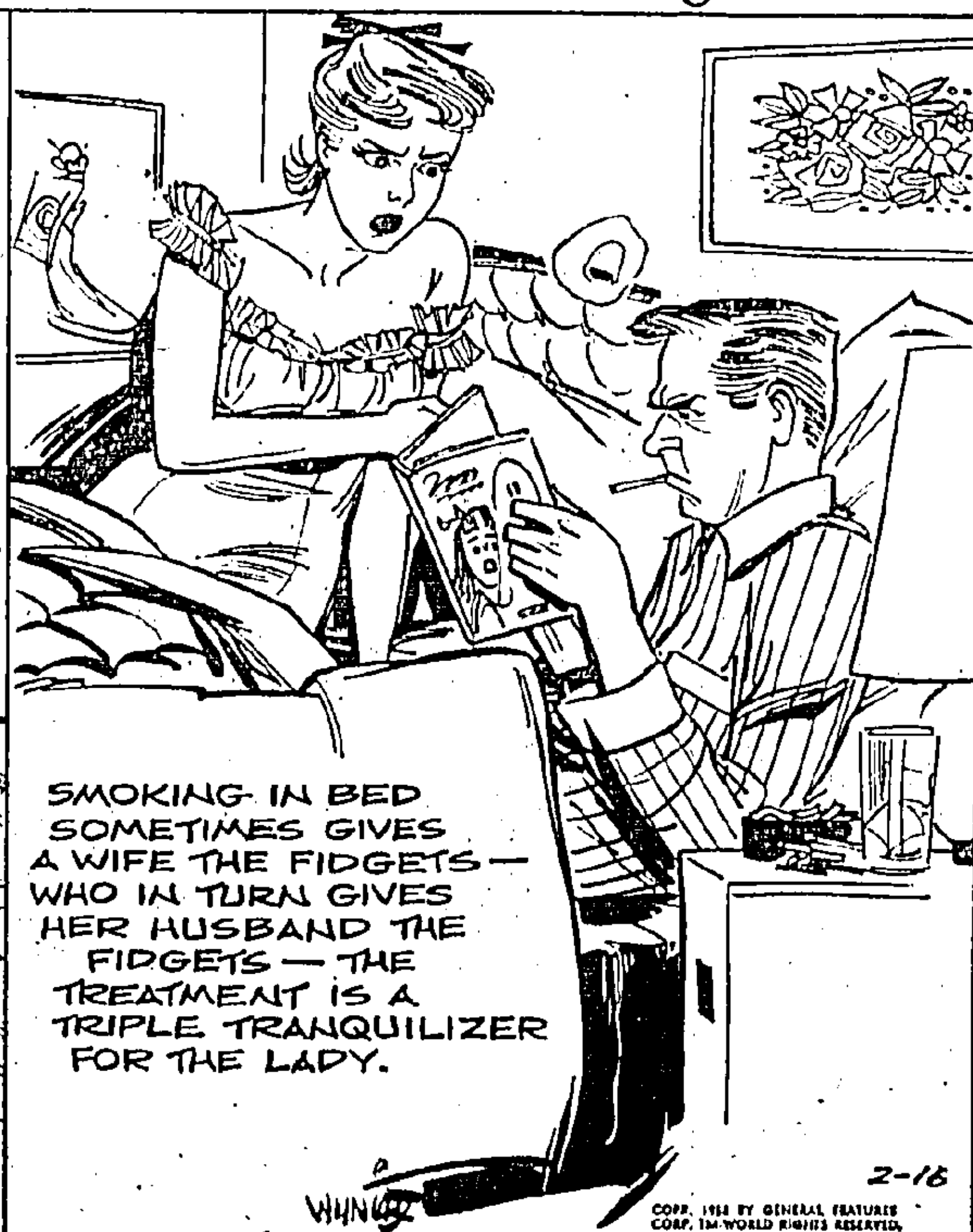
IF SHE HAS A WILD AND ROVING EYE, THAT'S AN ATTACK OF FIDGETS COMING ON—SHE'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO CHANGE—DRAPE, FURNITURE—OR MAYBE YOU AND YOUR HABITS.



THE FIDGETY KID JUMPS UP, DOWN AND SIDWAYS—WHEN SHE ISN'T MAKING FACES AT THE PEOPLE IN THE REAR PEW.



A MAN IS CONSIDERED TO BE A FIDGET IF HE CAN'T LISTEN TO A TWO HOUR REPORT ON THE DOINGS AT THE WOMEN'S BINGO AND CULTURE CLUB.



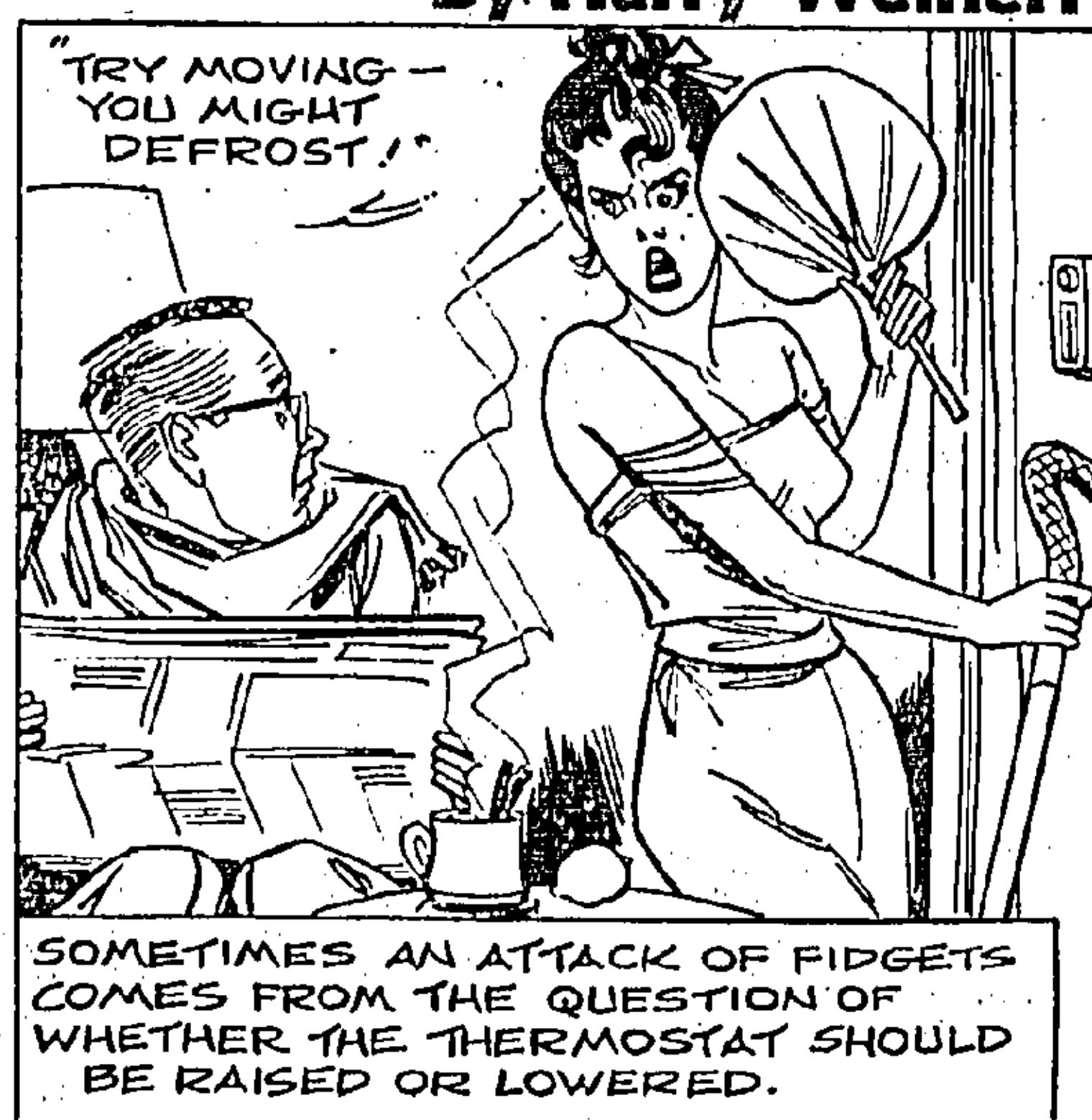
SMOKING IN BED SOMETIMES GIVES A WIFE THE FIDGETS—WHO IN TURN GIVES HER HUSBAND THE FIDGETS—THE TREATMENT IS A TRIPLE TRANQUILIZER FOR THE LADY.



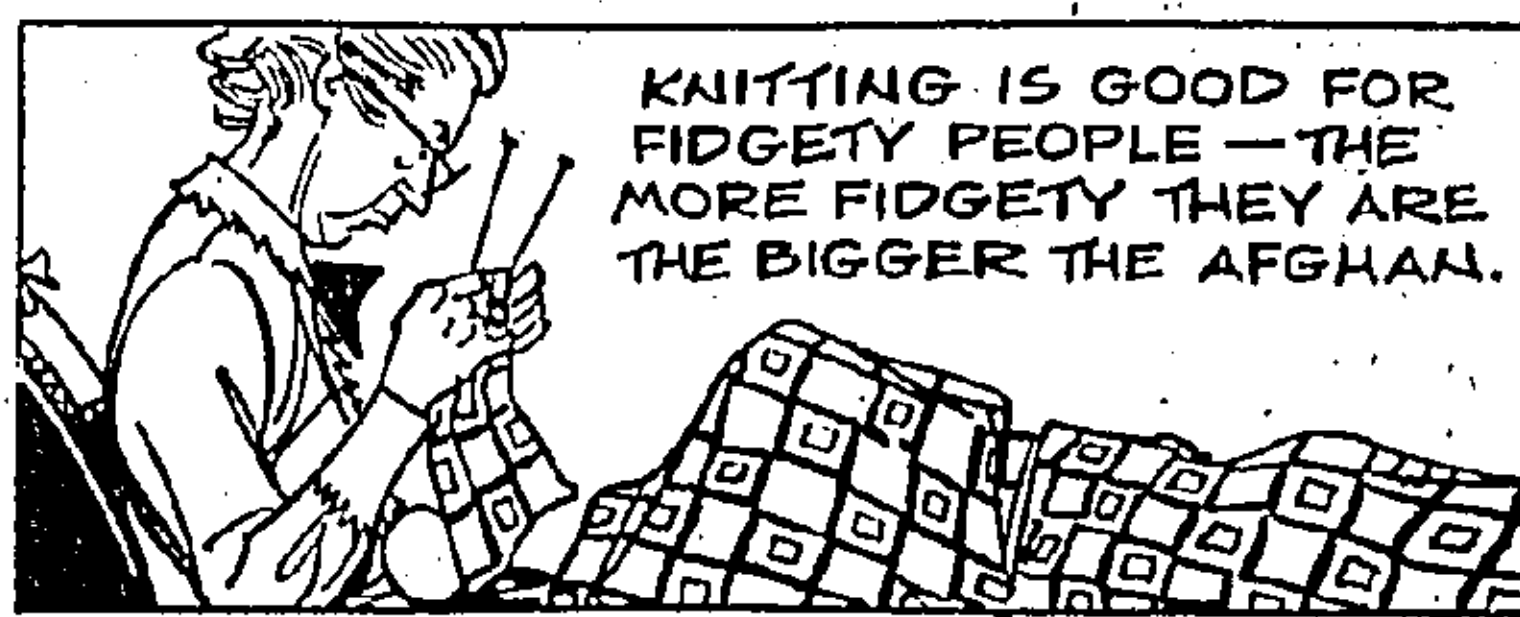
MASS FIDGETS—THE DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM.

## The Fidgets

## By Harry Weinert



SOMETIMES AN ATTACK OF FIDGETS COMES FROM THE QUESTION OF WHETHER THE THERMOSTAT SHOULD BE RAISED OR LOWERED.



KNITTING IS GOOD FOR FIDGETY PEOPLE—THE MORE FIDGETY THEY ARE THE BIGGER THE AFGHAN.



FIDGETS ARE CONTAGIOUS—WHILE SIS IS WAITING FOR THAT PHONE CALL, THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO—DISAPPEAR.









# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## JIMMY'S MODERN ELECTRIC MIRACLE

THE mower stopped, and Jimmy Nichols saw his father get down and stoop over something on the ground. "What's wrong, Dad?" he called. "Old mower break again?"

Jimmy, a sturdy future Farmer of America, was rick-ing up the hay, and thinking how badly they needed a combine. But he went over when his father called to see what was wrong.

Mr. Nichols turned his lean, tanned face toward his son. "Look, I've partly destroyed a wild duck's nest," he said sadly. "The eggs are still warm, but the mother duck will not come back to them again."

The nest, made of leaves and dry grass and lined with down, had been a comfortable place. There were six eggs, all whole. "Too bad," Jimmy sympathized. "Maybe Mother can think of some way to save the ducklings. If I take the eggs to the house," he put them carefully in his hat.

But Mrs. Nichols, a bustling, merry woman, was not much help.

"None of my hens are setting now, son, and it wouldn't pay to run the incubator for just a few duck eggs that may not hatch. You might as well throw them away," she said.

Out on the back porch, Jimmy thought hard. He wanted to save the ducklings—but how? He knew the eggs had to be kept warm and that they must be turned each day. He recalled hearing about people wearing eggs in a belt around their waists till they hatched, but for an active farm boy, that was impossible.

★ ★ ★

"Somewhere that they can be warm, not hot," he mused. Then he thought of just the place.

In the week that followed, Jimmy's mother remarked on how often he went to the basement. But he only smiled. He was reading about ducks in spare moments. He found that the mother duck promptly leads them to water as soon as the ducklings can travel, and that they swim easily before they can fly.



"Looks as though my job is just beginning," he told himself. "The eggs should hatch in three more weeks."

Then something happened. "One of my prized possessions is missing," Mrs. Nichols told him excitedly one morning. "And not only has the house been robbed, it's haunted, too. I distinctly heard something peeping in the basement."

"What!" Jimmy shouted. He raced through the kitchen, plunged down the basement

stairs and stopped to listen. There was no doubt of it. The ducks had hatched out.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols came hurrying down, asking, "What is it?"

"A modern miracle," Jimmy told them in awed tones, pointing.

"My electric skillet," Mrs. Nichols cried. "Then it wasn't stolen." She raised the lid to disclose three newly hatched ducklings and three very active eggs.

★ ★ ★

"And in just one week," Jimmy marveled. "That's modern science for you."

Mr. Nichols laughed. "That's a mother duck for you. She must have sat on those eggs for three weeks. But it does you credit, son. Did you remember to turn them?"

"Every single day, Dad," Jimmy puffed up a downy duckling. "And my work isn't over. Soon now I'll have to lead these web-foot to water. And I still say it's a miracle that these babies can swim."

—M. S. SHELTON

## Just The Type



Come on men, get with it . . . This thing has to work somehow . . . It's just a case of finding the right button to push.

HERE'S a five-member team of writers getting busy on a strange contraption that they've never seen before. But they are slowly tiring out. The pup on the left suddenly finds he's dog-tired. The one on the right has already given up and gone to sleep.

Giraffes must like to stand up till

And look way down below

At creatures far away and small,

To see them come and go.

Sometimes I think I'd like to be

A tall giraffe, and stand

And reach my head up in a tree,

But, on the other hand,

If he must wash his neck each day.

That seems too much to ask,

And so, in truth, I have to say

I wouldn't want his task.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO

JANSSON

## HOW HAVE FUN AT A PARTY

### PLAY SOCK-O!

STUFF A LONG STOCKING WITH CRUMPLED NEWSPAPER.

BLINDFOLD IT. PUT 3 PLAYERS AND IT IN A5 FOOT STRING CIRCLE.

PLAYERS EACH WEAR A HAT. IT TRIES TO KNOCK THE HATS OFF.

PLAYERS CANNOT STEP FROM RING OR HOLD HATS. PLAYER WHO LOOSES HAT BECOMES IT!

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## A Visit To Baghdad

—Aladdin's Magic Even Surprises Mr. Merlin—

By MAX TRELL

HAVING made themselves small (for they could make themselves any size they pleased), Knarr and Handl, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, and Mr. Merlin, the Magnificent Magician, crawled inside the big book that was lying on the top of the desk.

It was a Geography Book, filled with maps and pictures of cities and mountains and rivers and oceans and people wearing strange clothes and speaking strange languages.

It was dark inside the book and, for several minutes, neither Knarr nor Handl knew where they were going. They seemed to be floating through the air. Far, far off they caught a glimpse of the sun just rising above the horizon.

Old, Old City

But Mr. Merlin said: "We're going to an old, old city and we're going to meet some people who I'm sure you've heard about."

Before they had a chance to ask Mr. Merlin any more, Knarr and Handl landed with a gentle bump on the ground.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Merlin. "We're in Baghdad!"

What a noisy place it was! The narrow streets were filled with merchants shouting out their wares.

"Buy my oranges!" shouted one. "Buy my dates and figs!" shouted another one.

"Buy shoes!" cried a third. "Peddlers moved about with big coils of lemonade on their backs, calling out: 'Lemonade! Buy my lemonade!'

What funny clothes everyone is wearing!" Handl said to Mr. Merlin.

The clothes were indeed much different from the clothes that people wear nowadays. The men wore sandals and big wide pants and cloaks around their shoulders. Instead of hats, they wore turbans or little red hats called Fezzes.

Some of the men rode on donkeys which looked like big dogs. And some of the men rode on camels which looked enormous in the narrow streets.

"I'm sure," Knarr said to Mr. Merlin, "that we don't know anyone in this town of Baghdad. We've never been here before in our lives."

"Now let's see," replied Mr. Merlin. "I'm sure you know this friend."

As he said this, Mr. Merlin sounded a bell. A servant opened a door and they found themselves in a magnificent garden where birds were singing and fish were swimming in the fountain. A young man was greeting them.

They Meet Aladdin

"This is Knarr and Handl," said Mr. Merlin to the smiling young man. "And this young man," Mr. Merlin said to Knarr and Handl, "is Aladdin."

Knarr and Handl exclaimed in amazement how delighted they were to meet Aladdin.



Aladdin made the Elephant appear and disappear.

"We've read all about you and your wonderful lamp," Knarr told Aladdin.

Aladdin showed them some wonderful tricks with his magic lamp which amazed even Mr. Merlin, the Magnificent Magician.

He made an elephant appear and disappear just by rubbing the lamp. He made a tree grow out of the ground and sink back again in the twinkling of an eye.

Later Knarr and Handl met Sinbad, the Sailor, who told them all about his amazing voyages.

"I hope some day you will come and see us," said Handl. But Sinbad said he never could come out of the book where he lived, "though," he added, "I hope you will often come to see me and all our friends in Baghdad."

—MAX TRELL

Buy my lemonade!

Buy my lemonade!

Buy my lemonade!

Buy my lemonade!

Buy my lemonade!

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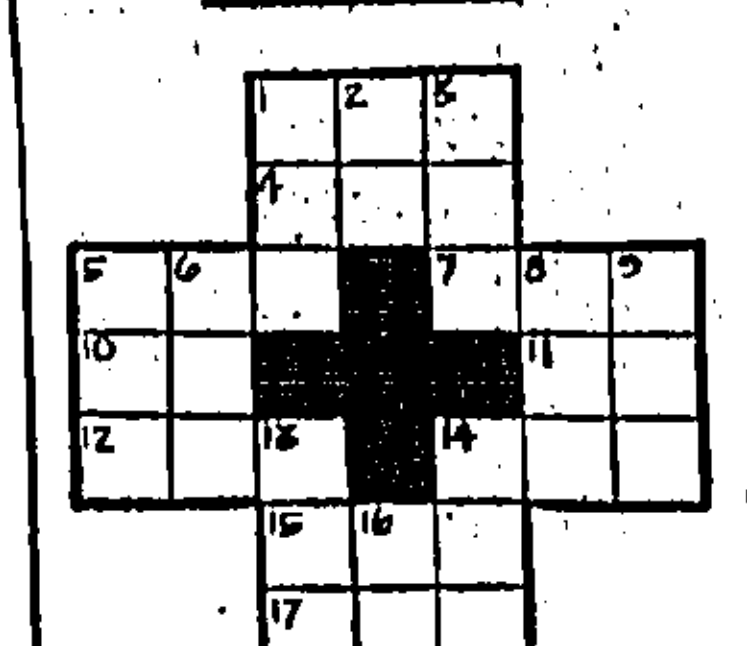
Buy my lemonade!

Buy my lemonade!

## Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

Variety Time on Puzzle Lane:

### CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

- 1 Baseball stick
- 4 First number
- 5 Body of water
- 7 Not old
- 10 Boy's nickname
- 11 Mashed potatoes
- 12 Used by a golfer
- 14 Colour
- 15 Bustle
- 17 Part of your foot

### DOWN

- 1 Lad
- 2 American Navy (ab.)
- 3 Number
- 5 Wager
- 6 Lemon—stand
- 8 Before
- 9 Married
- 13 Do this to your food
- 14 Fish eggs
- 16 Accomplish

### SOUND ALIKES

Missing words in Puzzle Pete's sentences sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you fill them in? The carpenter — a hole through the —

### WORD SQUARE

When you rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word, then rearrange the rows correctly, you'll find your answer reads the same down as across:

A	O	L	R	V
E	O	P	R	S
A	E	R	T	V
E	R	S	T	
E	O	P	L	

### WORD CHAIN

Can you change SOFT to HARD in just five moves by changing only one letter at a time and having a good word on each change? Puzzle Pete says he changed F to H, S to P, O to A, T to D, and P to H.

### TRIANGLE

EAGLETS provide a basis for Puzzle Pete's word triangle. The second word is "an Egyptian sun god"; third "a girl's nickname"; fourth "to relate"; fifth "a skinned bridge"; sixth "to soften in temper." Complete the triangle from these clues:

B  
A  
G  
L  
T

EAGLETS

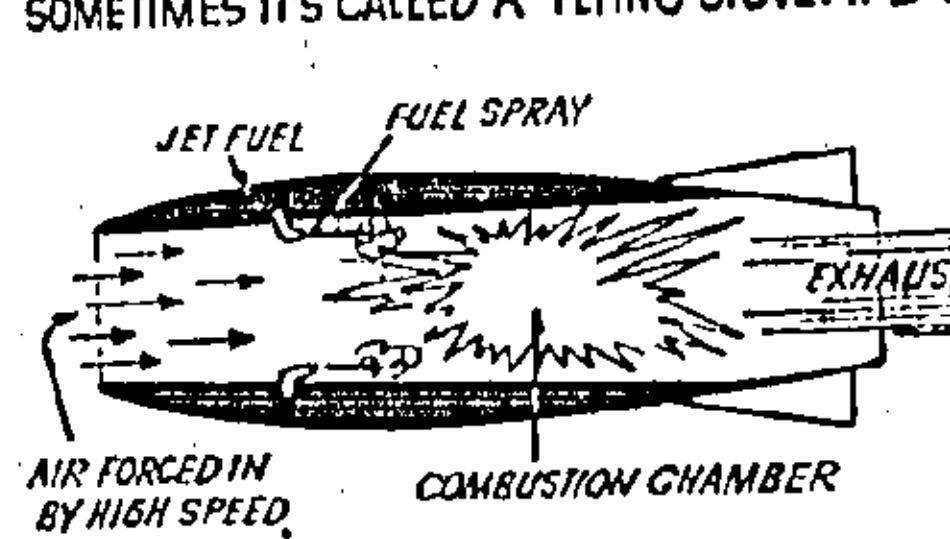
(Solutions on Page 20)

## HOW JET ENGINES OPERATE

WHEN YOU BLOW UP A BALLOON AND LET IT GO, IT ACTS LIKE A JET ENGINE.

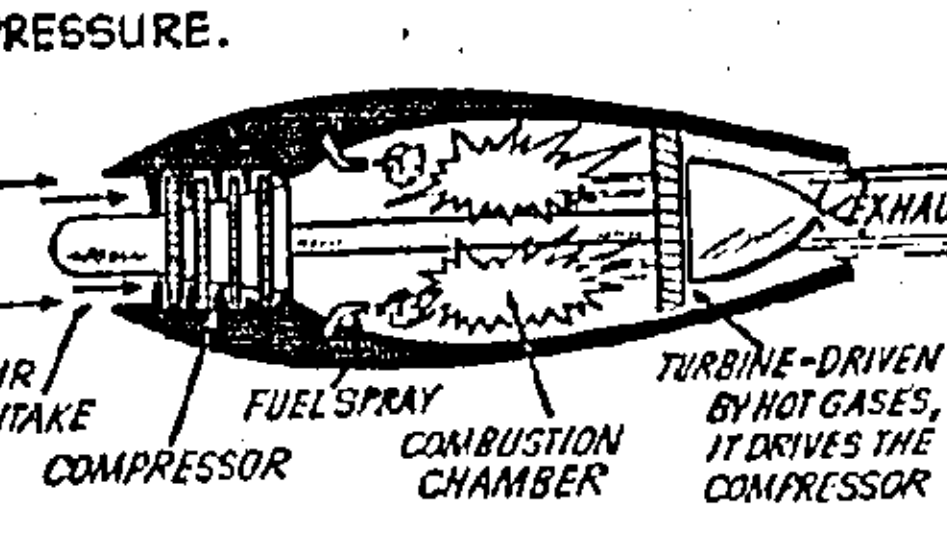


A RAM-JET IS THE SIMPLEST JET ENGINE. SOMETIMES IT'S CALLED A "FLYING SMOKEPIPE".



A RAM-JET CAN BE STARTED BY TOWING AT HIGH SPEED THEN IGNITING THE JET FUEL WITH AN ELECTRIC SPARK.

A REGULAR JET ENGINE HAS A COMPRESSOR TO FEED AIR TO FLAME UNDER HIGH PRESSURE.



EVEN REGULAR JET ENGINES ARE SIMPLE AND HAVE FAR FEWER MOVING PARTS THAN MOST OTHER ENGINES.

BILL ARTER

## What To Look For In A Career

BECAUSE SO many fellows and girls I know are thinking about journalism as a career, I wrote to a top analyst, editor and author to find out what he could advise young people about such a career.

★ ★ ★

I chose H.V. Kaltenborn because he has received so many top-flight awards in journalism. They include the Gold Plaque for best foreign radio reporting (1930) and citations from the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University (1933), a Certificate of Merit from the National Federation of Press Women (1939) and many similar awards from other big and famous organizations. He was very gracious in answering my inquiry. What



he said should, I think, be passed along to others. So here it is, quoted exactly from his letter.

"I have been interested in journalism from the time I was able to read and write. I began reporting local items for the Merrill, Wis. News when I was 12 years old. Not long afterwards I became a reporter on the Merrill Advocate and this was the real beginning of my journalistic career."

★ ★ ★

"While I was a soldier in the Spanish-American War I was correspondent for the Milwaukee Journal, the Merrill Advocate and a German weekly called the Lincoln County Anzeiger."

"I believe that unless a youngster has a keen interest in doing newspaper work, he

should not attempt it. It is a calling where the reward consists chiefly in the pleasure of the occupation."

In that respect, H. V. Kaltenborn concurs with many people in other fields when it comes to career choosing. They agree that you must like what you are doing as very much that you consider the pleasure than what money you might be able to make at that job."

If you like your chosen career in that way, it usually follows that you are successful. And if you are successful the money angle usually takes care of itself.

One more word of advice . . . start on your career as early as possible.

—EVELYN WITTER

## Jumbo Dominoes Are Fun To Make And Use

THEY are very simple to vegetable store. I asked him to make and you don't to save some fruit boxes for have to have any special me. He gave me a number skills to turn out a first-rate and all I needed were the job.

First, I went down to I scraped the labels off. If visit the owner of the you wet the labels you will find neighbourhood fruit and they can be scraped off very

easily. It doesn't affect the final product.

Then cut out blocks of wood in the following dimensions with a small saw:

5 1/2 inches in length

3 inches wide

Thickness of wood about 3/4 inch.

Sandpaper came next and every rough edge and surface of these blocks was smoothed off. Wrap a piece of sandpaper around a block of wood and you will find it very easy to use.

★ ★ ★

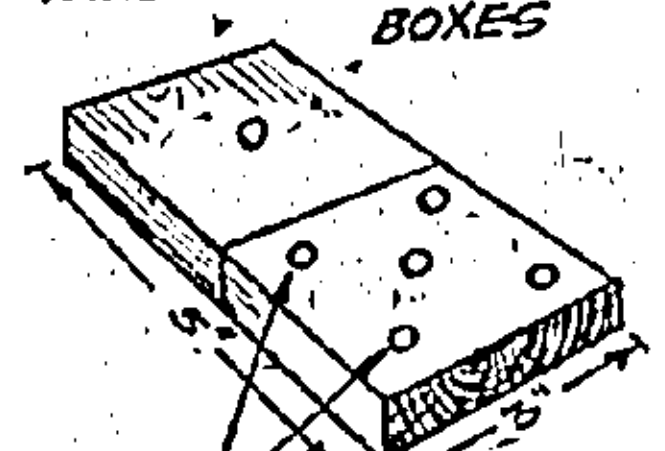
There are two ways of making the dots that appear on the surface of a domino. You must draw guide lines for them. So divide the block in half. (I cut fine lines to show the two halves of each domino).

With a No. 8 drill you can drill out the holes. You do not go through the wood but deep enough so that the hole is visible.

Now for the other way to make the dots: I bought a box of upholstery tacks. Then with an awl I made the guide holes. An upholstery tack was placed into position and hammered down. When you are finished, you thus have the numbers on the face of each domino. If you want to finish them off with varnish you can do so. Or you can paint them black.

—HAROLD GLUCK

### JUMBO DOMINOES MADE FROM FRUIT BOXES



UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS

UPHOLSTERY TACKS



## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Percent Play Saves Trick

By OSWALD JACOBY

IN today's hand Marshall Miles covers an interesting duplicate situation. You are South and have made a sound non-vulnerable overcall. You now find yourself in four spades doubled. You are sure from the bidding that the ace of diamonds is held by East so you count two diamond and three club losers. If you also lose a trump trick you will be down 600 for a very bad duplicate score.

You also note that East and West will play some heart contract at most other tables and will be unable to make four hearts if each one holds two spades. Hence, the only chance

NORTH 10	
♥ J 7 6 4	
♦ J	
♣ K 9 7 5 4	
♠ 7 5 3	
WEST	
♥ 5	
♦ 7 6 5 4 2	
♣ 10 8	
♠ A J 10 9 4	
EAST (D)	
♥ K 10 2	
♦ K Q 9 3	
♣ A Q J 6	
♠ K Q	
SOUTH	
♥ A K 9 8 3	
♦ A 10 8	
♣ 8 6 2	
♠ 7	
No one vulnerable	
East South West North	
1♥ 1♠ 4♥ 4♠	
Double Pass Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♥4	

to get a decent duplicate score is to go down only two tricks against an uneven break in trump.

If any one is going to hold three trumps it will be East. Then what is the best percentage play to keep from losing a trump trick?

The play is to get to dummy by ruffing a heart and to lead the spade jack. If this loses to a singleton queen you look like an idiot. If West's singleton is any one of the other three spades you lose no spade trick. You may have to go back to dummy again but there is an over heart to ruff and you have plenty of time.

### ♥+CARD Sense♦

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
2♦ Pass 3♦ Pass  
3NT Pass 4♦ Pass  
5♦ Pass 6♦ Pass  
6♦ Pass 7♦ Pass

You, South, hold:  
♠ A 2 ♥ Q 6 5 4 3 ♣ Q 8 6 5 ♦ K 2  
What do you do?  
A—Pass. Your partner has heard all your bids.

### TODAY'S QUESTION

Instead of bidding six diamonds your partner has bid six no-trump. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

### TARGET

How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the word "TARGET"? No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 67 words. good 60 words, very good 50 words, excellent 40 words on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: A sign with a blue arrow pointing to the word "TARGET" was seen in the window of a shop in the city. The sign was made of wood and was painted in blue and white. It was a very good example of a target sign.

# Is this the real Shakespeare?



OLD VERSION

New discovery shows him as young man of good looks

by GRAHAM DARK

IT is an exciting thought, and, in the circumstances, a tantalising one: is this the real face of Shakespeare?

For if it is—and there is much to suggest so—then we have just lost the greatest of all Shakespeare finds.

A prize greater than a copy of the so rare "First Folio" edition printed soon after his death: a relic of the man around whom there are so many romances and mysteries.

It has been gently, deftly, snatched by a fast-moving, pleasantly unassuming American, Mr. John Fleming.

Mr. Fleming, rightly pleased with himself, flew out of London. With him: this portrait.

### Younger

Shakespeare it undoubtedly is. And the face of a Shakespeare younger than any previously seen.

The important question is: when was it painted? Was it during his life, or after?

No life portrait of Shakespeare has ever been found.

There have been several portraits which have been runners. But no finishers. Gradually the supply of starters has dried up. It seemed there was no possibility left that we would ever see the real face of the greatest dramatist of them all.

### The sale

Then, a few weeks ago in Scotland, the past turned over. A collection begun well back in the last century came up for sale. It belonged to the late Mr. B. B. MacGeorge, a fastidious picture collector.

The Shakespeare portrait was put in as Lot 72. With it went a remarkable letter by Charles Lamb of "Tales from Shakespeare" fame which tended to authenticate it.

The sale—at the Crown Hotel, in Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow—was not an outstanding occasion. But it attracted Mr. Julius Weltzner, a leading New York art dealer.

### 'Buy it'

Mr. Weltzner was intrigued by the portrait. He telephoned Mr. Fleming in New York.

Mr. Fleming, one of the world's leading rare-book dealers and secretary of the Shakespeare

Association of America—said "Buy at any price."

A fortnight later Lot 72 was sold—for £160. And Mr. Fleming flew to Britain.

Before he left London he talked about his buy.

The portrait is not finely painted—though that is not in its disfavour. It shows a man in his thirties, balding, but with fine arched eyebrows, slightly sensual lips, and a high forehead.

A handsome man, Mr. Fleming, 47, nonchalantly knowledgeable and top of his trade, declared: "The possibilities of this being a contemporary portrait are very great."

These are the points he makes in the portrait's favour:

1 IDENTIFICATION: Only one authenticated portrait exists of Shakespeare. That is an engraving by Martin Droeshout. It was drawn seven years after Shakespeare's death. Its likeness was vouched for by Ben Jonson.

The newly found portrait—though of a younger man—is undoubtedly of the same man.

2 THE AGE. Whenever it was painted, the portrait is unique. For none other exists showing Shakespeare so young. But if it was painted during his life—then it is of immense importance.

3 ITS HISTORY. The Charles Lamb letter, written probably in 1822, gives a glimpse of the picture's history at that time when records are so few.



LOT 72... 'Knocked down' at modest £150

Mr. Weltzner, a distinguished art expert, believes it could have been painted in the seventeenth century or a little earlier—and Shakespeare died in 1616.

Mr. Weltzner's reasons: the canvas is old enough; the style of painting is right for the period.

He tells how a man called Palma had just had supper with him. "He has picked up, I believe, an authentic portrait world's biggest Shakespeare (English) for it."

Lamb frankly discusses the possibility that it is a forgery. But he concludes: "I am confident no painter either side the Channel could have painted anything like the face I saw."

The portrait, says Mr. Fleming, will probably go to the Folger Library in Washington, the world's biggest Shakespeare library.

There it will be studied, tested, discussed. As yet there can be no certainty. But the possibilities are immense, exciting.

Though not, alas, for Shakespeare's country.

### This Funny World



"My Volkswagen is getting tight on me."

### DARTWORDS

START HERE

THE first word in today's Dartwords is a SMOTHER. marked on the rim of the board circle. You have to find your way to the word. RUPEE, in the middle of the circle, by rearranging all the other words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules. The rearrangement involves a reference to acronyms, homophones, and other words.

RULES: (1) The word may be an acronym of the word that precedes it.

(2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

(3) It may be found by adding one letter to or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.

(4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.

(5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

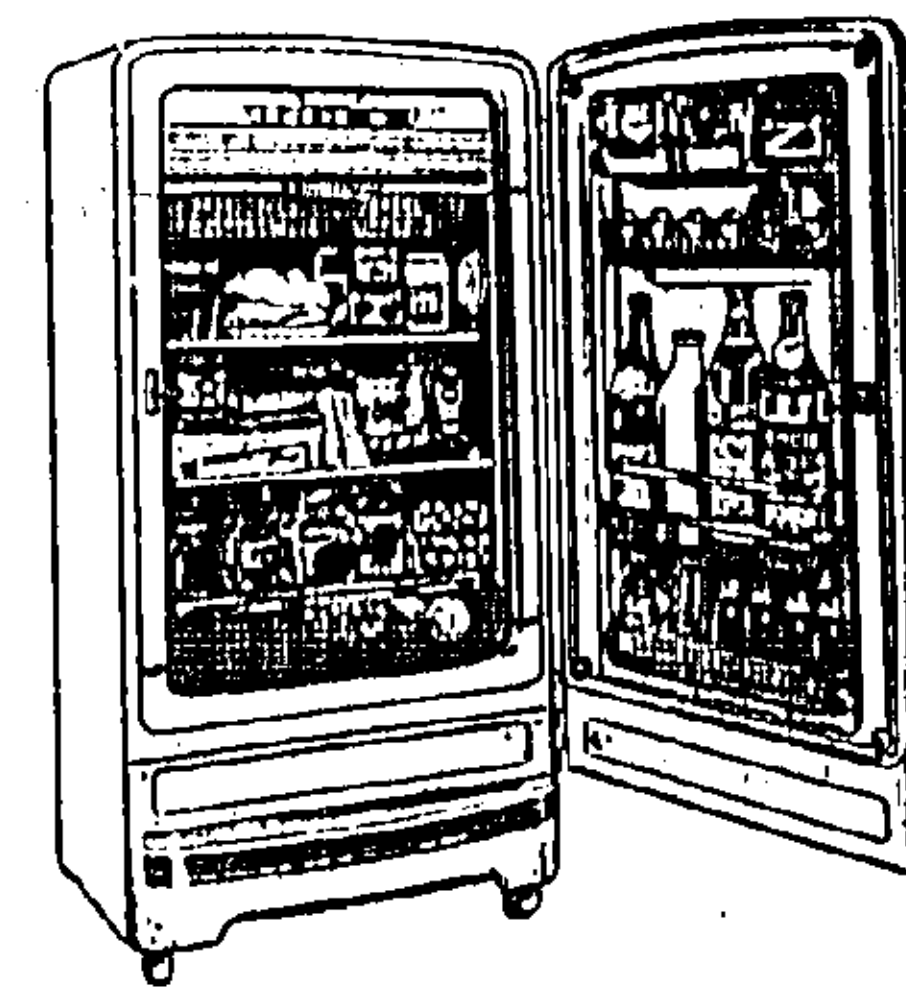
(6) It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be: Printing Caxton; Canton Anton; Anton Anton; Shakespeare; William Tell; Tall Order; Border Margia Arling.

(Solution on Page 20)



something better... something more



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## TUNG WAH GROUP OF HOSPITALS CHARITY CONCERT

In aid of the building of the New Kwong Wah Hospital to be held

on Friday, 27th June, 1958, at 7.45 p.m. at the Hong Kong Football Club Stadium

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR & LADY BLACK have graciously consented to be present at the function.

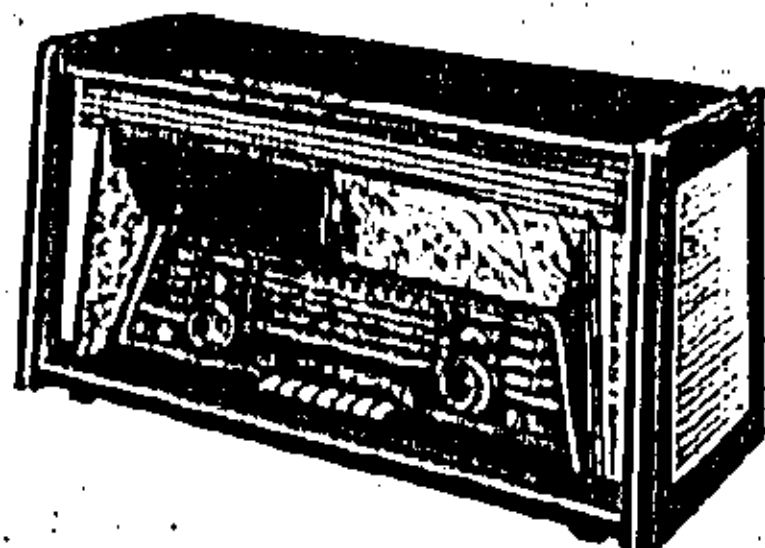
Main Attractions:—

1. Dragon Dance.
2. Lion Dance.
3. Cantonese and Mandarin songs by famous opera and movie stars, etc.

Admission Tickets of \$100, \$50 & \$20 will be available at

The Show Room of Far East Motors Ltd. Pedder Street and also at

THE TUNG WAH HOSPITAL 12, Po Yan Street. Tel. 49311.



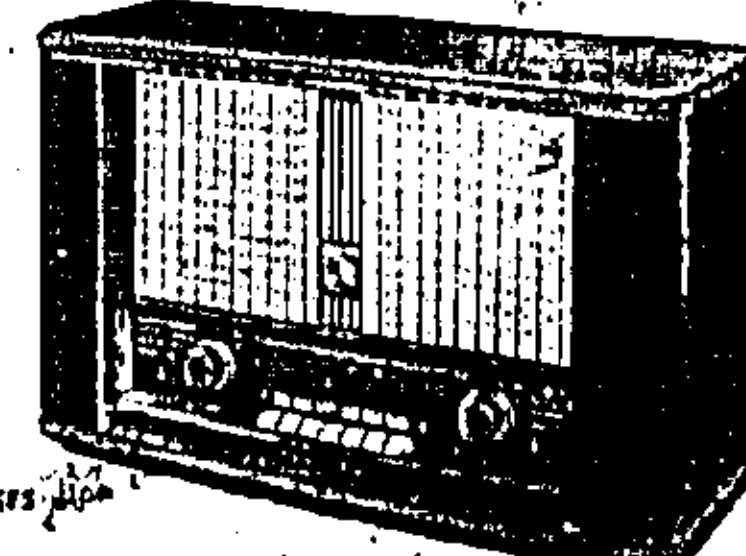
BBX75A \$855.—

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- M.W. AND FOUR S.W. RANGES
- FOUR LOUDSPEAKERS
- 2W HIFI OUTPUT CIRCUIT WITH LOW DISTORTION (0.1%)
- BINAURAL TECHNIQUES
- HI-LO TONE CONTROL WITH SONOVISION FIDELITY INDICATOR



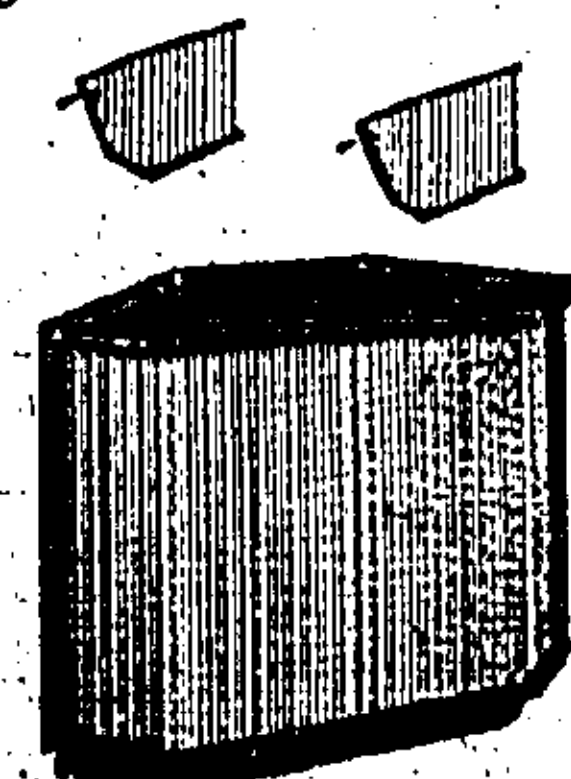
Available at: Lane, Crawford, Ltd., Main Floor, Hong Kong

and all leading radio dealers.



BTX65A \$625.—

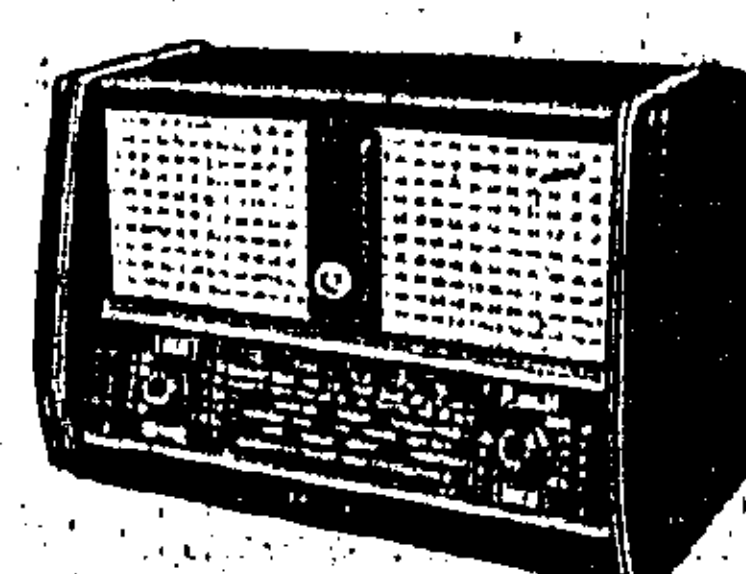
- FIVE VALVES
- M.W. & FOUR S.W. RANGES
- TWO LOUDSPEAKERS
- HI-LO TONE CONTROL WITH SONOVISION FIDELITY INDICATOR
- 21-AMPLI OUTPUT STAGE



BX756A \$1,150.—

- FIVE VALVES
- M.W. AND FOUR S.W. RANGES
- THREE LOUDSPEAKERS
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- 21-AMPLI OUTPUT STAGE

A PLUS in every set!



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- SIXTEEN VALVES
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- TWO LOUDSPEAKERS
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- 21-AMPLI OUTPUT STAGE



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# DRAMA ON THE CENTRE COURT

## They Battled Out Wimbledon's Longest Singles Match

By JOHN COTTRELL

It was almost nine o'clock. Shadows were lengthening over the deserted outer courts of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, where play had long since ended. But on that warm June evening of 1953, the great bowl of the famous Centre Court was still packed with 18,000 enthralled spectators.

And, no wonder. For the score board at that time read: J. Drobny v. B. Patty 8-6, 10-18, 3-0, 8-6, 5-0.

For almost four hours the crowd had been watching a fascinating duel in the sun between two of the greatest tennis artists of all time. They had seen the incredible Drobny save three match points in the fourth set. They had seen two supremely fit men fight on relentlessly until each step brought new pain to tired bodies.

It had become the longest, hardest-contested singles match in tennis history. But now, at last, the end seemed to be in sight. Drobny, the "Old Fox," was 15-40 down in the twelfth game of the fifth and final set. Two more match points from Eugene Patty. Only a miracle could save Drobny.

Drobny to serve. The vast arena was silent. A good service, a brief exchange, a mighty smash by Drobny and it was 30-40. Another good service, a forced forehand error by Patty, and it was deuce.

### Held Their Breath

But now Drobny dropped a vital point to give Patty his sixth match point. As he served again, the spectators held their breath. Could he escape once more?

A sizzling service ace gave them the answer. The "Old Fox" won that critical game. And so the struggle went on, game with service, until it was 10 games-all.

By now, after 81 games, it seemed that the match must be decided on stamina, rather than skill. Both players were desperately tired and suffering from cramp.

Drobny, 31 years old, kept his muscles working by sprinting

up and down the baseline between rallies and conserved his energy with salt tablets and glucose. Patty, 29, massaged his limbs between rallies, sipped brandy, took salt tablets and glucose, and squatted on the head of his racket at every opportunity.

### Changed His Glasses

Towards the end of the marathon, Patty changed his socks and Drobny changed his dark glasses for a pair with clear lenses. Between them, they used up the water supply by the umpire's chair.

In the final set, Drobny twice appealed against the light, and



BUDGE PATTY

at 10 games-all the Championship Referee, Colonel John Legg, ruled that the match would be stopped for the day at 11 games-all.

But that score was never reached. Before then, Drobny snatched the initiative by breaking Patty's service, and holding his own service, went on to take the set 12-10. He won the match four hours and fifteen minutes after it began.

The two weary men made one more journey to the net to shake hands and the crowd stood and cheered them for a full five minutes.

Both had fought heroically. For while Drobny had saved six match points, Patty had made a magnificent recovery in that long second set. He had saved set points in the 20th and 31st games, and had taken the set 18-16 with a beautifully stroked cross-court backhand volley that even Drobny could only stand and admire.

How closely the match was contested is shown in the statistics. Drobny won 47 games, only one more than Patty. And Patty won 304 points, three more than Drobny.

### Two Explanations

There are two explanations of this fantastic marathon. As old rivals, they had an intimate knowledge of each other's game, and they were extremely well-balanced with their opposite styles and temperaments.

American-born Patty was a tall, slim and elegant boulevardier from Paris, a devastating volleyer, and a right-handed stroke-player of magnificent finesse.

Czech-born, newly-wed, Drobny was squarely-built, bespectacled and left-handed, a power player, especially strong in service and forehand drive.

Moreover, both players were fanatically determined to win the Wimbledon singles title. Patty, 1950 champion, wanted to join the distinguished few who had twice achieved that honour. Drobny, beaten in the 1949 and 1952 Wimbledon finals, aimed to be second to none in 1953.

### Ruined Their Chances

But the Drobny-Patty 93-game marathon—only third round singles match—ruined the chances of both men in the Coronation Year Wimbledon. It forced Drobny and Patty to drop out of the men's doubles in which they were partners, and Drobny was never fully fit again during the Championships.

For an hour after the match Drobny was rubbed by a masseur, and it was eleven o'clock before he was fit enough to leave the All-England Club. Next day he limped to victory against the Australian Alex Hargreaves and later beat the Swede Sven Davidson.

But, despite an injection, his legs would not carry him fast enough against the young Dane, Kurt Nielsen, who gave him a 6-4, 6-3, 6-2, drubbing in the semi-final.

So Jaroslav Drobny, the Moravian carpenter's son, was thwarted once again in his ambition to win the singles title.



JAROSLAV DROBNY

But he had two consolation prizes.

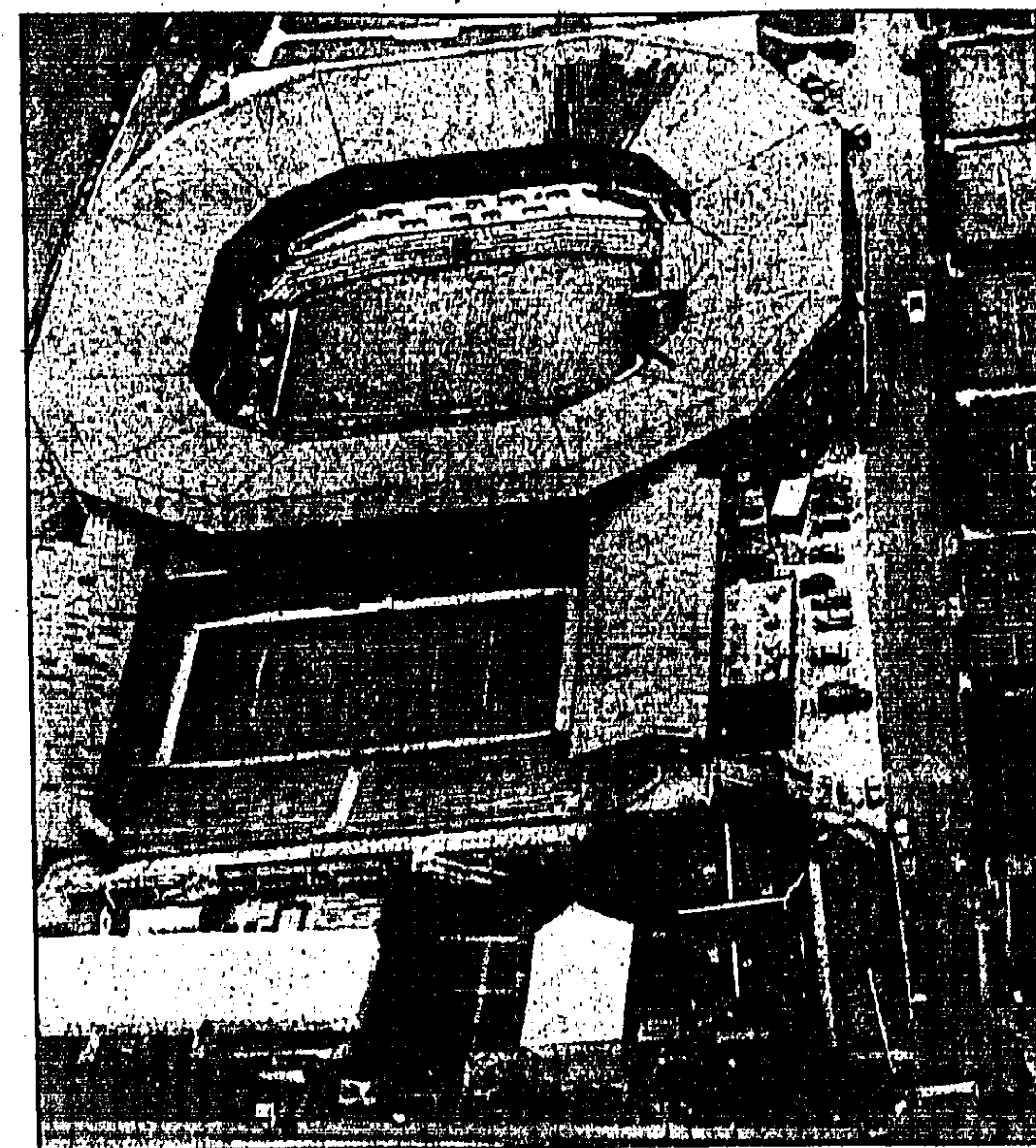
### Consolation Prizes

The Duchess of Kent, as President of the All-England Club, presented Drobny a non-smoker and Patty with a silver cigarette case. And, soon after, Drobny received Home Office permission to reside permanently in Britain.

The Czech-born exile with Egyptian nationality stayed on to fight—and win—another day at Wimbledon. In the following year, Drobny, once ballboy to such stars as Cochet, Borotra, Perry, and Tilden, joined them as a Wimbledon champion.

Today, the Patty-Drobny duel still stands as the longest singles match in Wimbledon history. But 93 games is no longer a world record for a singles match.

In 1955, an indoor match at Lyons, France, went to 100 games. The players—Drobny and Patty. It ended in a draw.



For lawn tennis fans the end of June means just one thing — tennis at Wimbledon, battleground for the world's best amateur players.

Photo shows Wimbledon from the air, with the famed centre-court in the background. Desolate now, it will be filled with teeming thousands during the next week.—London Express Photo.

## WIN-A-WIFE FIGHTER WORRIES LEVENE

Britain's well-known boxing promoter, Harry "The Hoarse" Levene, has been anxiously seeking advice about Jules Touan, an aggressive West African who is coming to England to meet world feather-weight champion Hogan Kid Bussey of Nigeria on June 24 in a non-title fight.

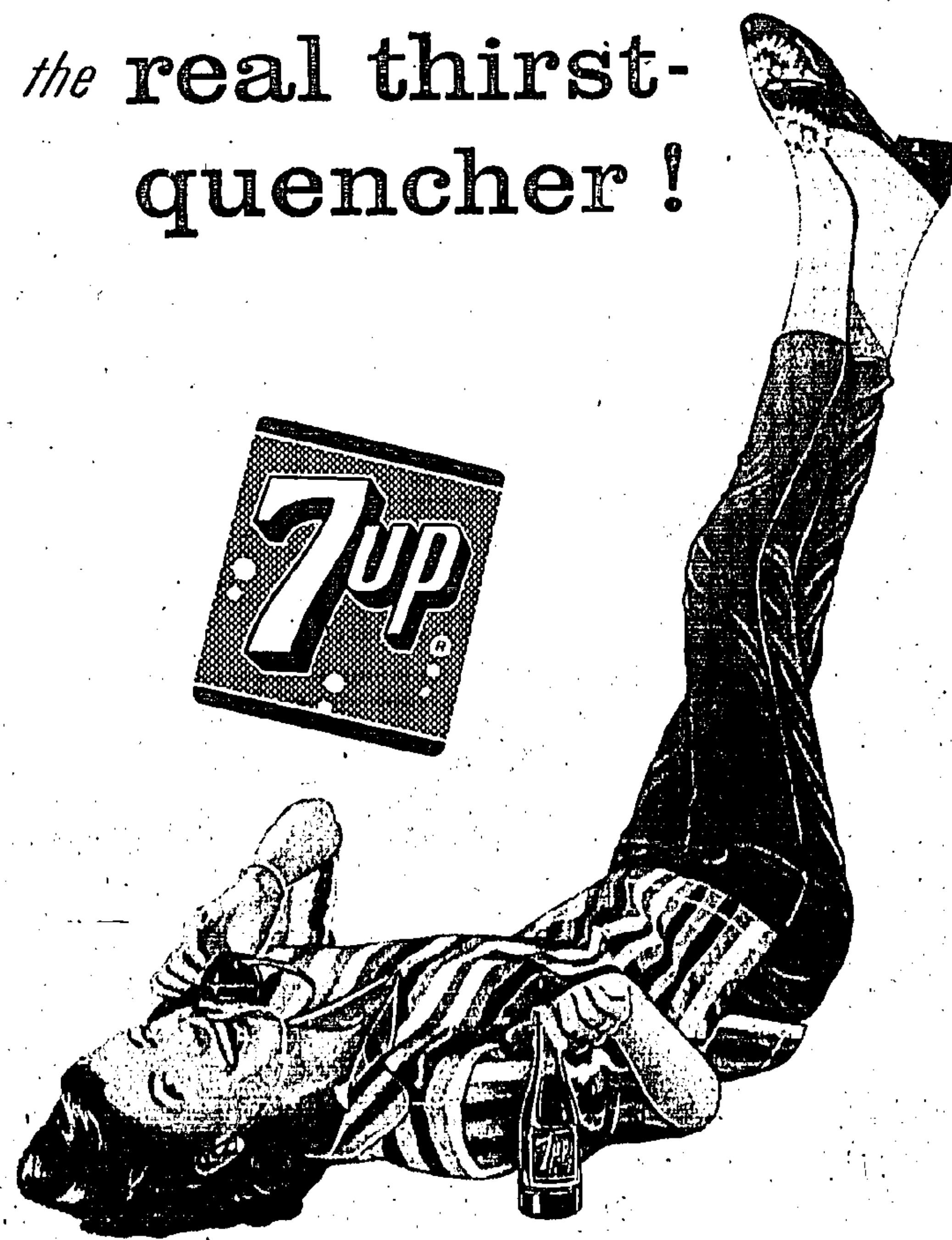
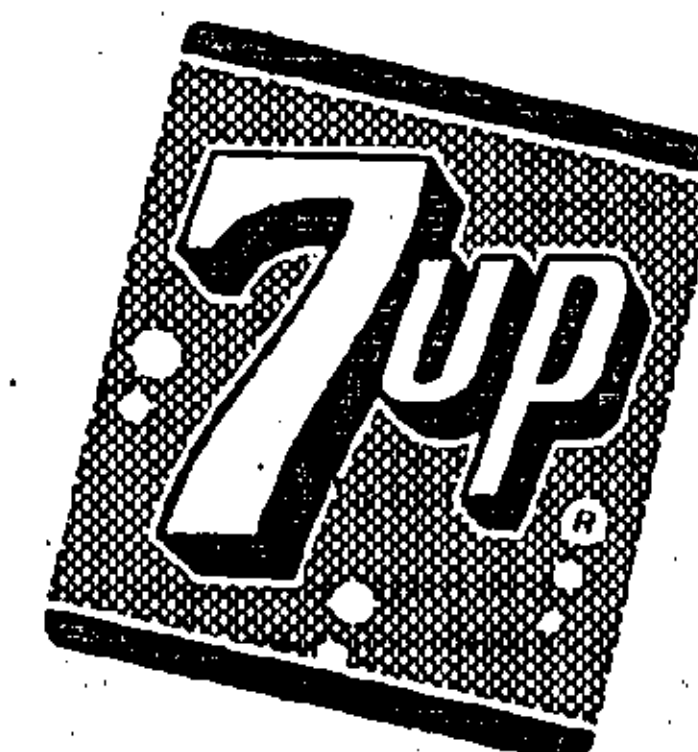
It appears that Touan buys himself a new wife whenever he wins a fight, which is very often indeed. So Touan has been told to leave his wives at home when he visits monogamous Britain.

His supporters' club will now consist of chieftains from around

the West Coast of Africa. There is a possibility that his village witch doctor will also join the party to boost the chances of Touan.

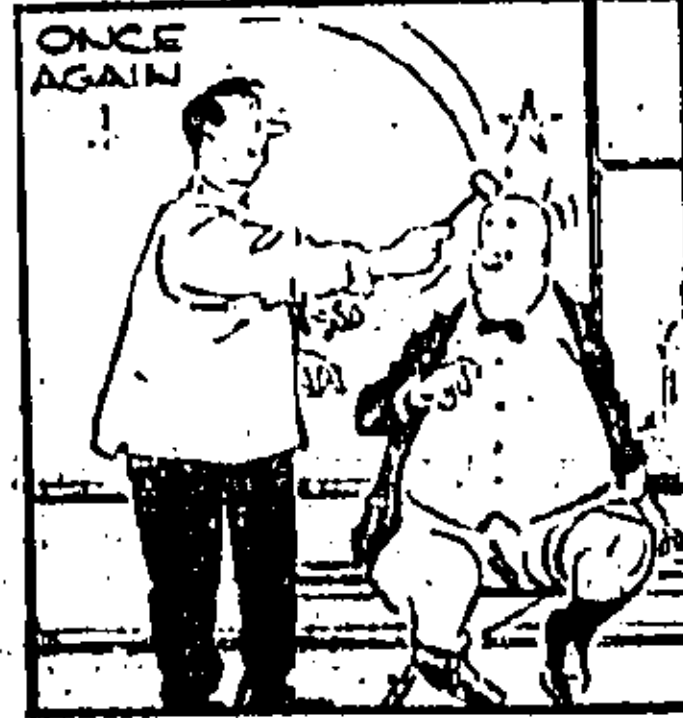
Big-hearted Levene says that if Touan wins he will offer Bussey £15,000 to defend his world title against Touan in England.

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## Saturday Soccer Spot

## Stop These Weak Excuses

**DEFEAT IS NOT THE END  
IF THE RIGHT LESSONS  
ARE LEARNED FROM IT**

By I. M. MACTAVISH

For my money football is the greatest game in the world. Maybe you agree and maybe you don't but I'm sure you will agree that the fans who follow its fortunes are a strange mixture of faith and fickleness.

Since Blackpool came here and chalked up double figures against the strongest side we could turn out all sorts of folks including some who should know better—have been spending their time finding plausible excuses for the Combined Chinese.

The old hardy annual that the Chinese players were betting on the result has of course been trotted out and it sounds even hollower now than it has ever done in the past. "What could you expect . . . Blackpool are professionals" is another typical spot of repartee that one hears regularly. "Our boys were tired after their great efforts at Tokyo" has also had a pretty good airing . . . and to all of them I say "Rubbish".

The local boys—and no one has a greater admiration for them than I—were swamped by a collection of "experts" who played too well for them, who played too fast for them, and, in a football sense, knew far too much for them.

There was no disgrace in being beaten by Blackpool in the fact they displayed in their second game here. The visitors were simply brilliant and all the threadbare straw-grasping excuses now being dragged out cannot change that; neither can they do our players any good. Sympathy is the last thing they need at this stage. Sound advice offered and accepted in the right spirit would do them much more good.

Let those who are belatedly trying to save face by concluding up, trivialities, remember that if Blackpool had put forward any pre-match alibi that would have sounded a lot more authentic than the weak and water post-mortem local stories we are now having to listen to in some quarters.

#### Hectic League

Blackpool had just finished a hectic League and Cup campaign of some FIFTY games played against top class opposition every week from August to May. They had just completed a long touring tour in Australia. When they got to Hongkong they had in fact been reduced in strength to 12 effective players. Not a single excuse came from the visitors and they set about the job in hand with characteristic professional efficiency. The result you all know.

The long established argument in Hongkong regarding the blatantly open shamateurism in our football makes a mockery of the first local excuse: the fact that our players have had a comparatively easy season and would have been away on a close season tour but for the Asian Games shows the real value of the remainder of the walling.

If we cannot accept defeat in international competition gracefully and without beating then it would be better if we stayed out of it. If we are only "happy warriors" when we win then there is little purpose in entering serious competition at all.

I can only hope that our players are looking at their heavy defeat in a more sensible way than some of the officials

with whom I have come in contact. Defeat is only as humiliating as you make it. It certainly is not the end of a soccer regime. In fact if our players have the wisdom to profit by their experience during the Blackpool visit it could be the start of a new era in which our players by application and emulation could at last fulfil their true potential.

#### The Mail Bag

The mail bag this week has been a very mixed affair and it seems that quite suddenly you good folks want to express your opinions on various local topics. These are indeed welcome and I am always happy to relay them to our other readers so that, if they like the discussion, they may join in.

One letter this week came from a well-known sportsman who is not at present actively connected with football but whose name stands for much in Hongkong's sporting circles. He takes issue with me on my suggestion that Hongkong football would benefit at this stage from the services of a top class soccer coach—who should for preference have a sound reputation in the game.

In one part of his letter my correspondent says "I would suggest that while the players who play in this Colony would benefit from the advice of a first class coach HONGKONG itself would not necessarily benefit as many of the players would take the first opportunity of nipping off to play for other communities like Taiwan. I would suggest that the services of such a coach is you suggest should be confined to those players who have stated their willingness to represent Hongkong in representative competitions."

I need hardly tell you that the mere reading of the extract will touch a few people on a tender spot. But, whether they like it or not, one has to admit there is more than just a morsel of good common sense behind it. Nevertheless, if my information is as sound and accurate as I think it is, the situation may not arise in future whereby players from Hongkong will be tempted away to represent another territory.

Don't, however, get the idea that Hongkong's is the only head in the amateur melting pot. Nothing could be further from the truth and I am told that

the Olympic Committee has some 12 dossiers on its table each—in varying form—containing allegations of professionalism or other equally disqualifying infringements of the amateur code . . . and that in every case football is the sport involved.

The rules of international competitions are the same for every sport on the programme of a particular meeting. The rules that applied to swimming and volleyball at Tokyo also applied to football . . . and those who know the inside happenings in the other two sports I have named will also know what I am getting at.

#### Strange Avenues

These are the strange avenues opened up by that interesting letter from a China Mail reader. It makes involved and complex reading . . . but it also gives a new slant to the suggestion that Hongkong should provide the best coaching facilities only for those players who have indicated their willingness to represent this Colony—in which most of them were born and wherein they earn their living—in future competitions.

If you have further opinion on this subject, I would be very glad to hear them whether they are for or against the point of view put forward by the present writer in this newspaper. Also tucked away in the corner of the post bag was a strange little note containing a small cutting from my article on June 2 regarding Blackpool's visit. It has been neatly decorated with red underlining where I said that unless Blackpool took the games here seriously and did not enter into them with a "village-green" attitude they might get the shock of their life. The correspondent has added in large red letters "What a Shock!" and as there is no explanation of the cryptic message I leave it at that.

Nevertheless I would suggest to the anonymous gentleman that it is always dangerous to extract an item from a general text and present it in isolation . . . and he might find it interesting to compare what I wrote about the visit with the parting remarks of Mr. Eric Hayward, the tour manager. That would give a much better balanced appreciation of the situation.

Finally this week a brief word about our referees who did extremely well in the Blackpool

#### RECORD RUN



M. Weston sets up a British (All Comers) record by winning the ladies' 60 metres event in the time of 7.6 seconds during the annual match between Oxford-Cambridge and Cornell-Pennsylvania at White City last week.—Central Press Photo.

series and very correctly earned the approval of the visiting players and officials. Errors of judgment and differences of opinion on a specific matter, are human failings but recently we have twice seen errors in the application of the laws of the game . . . and I suggest that something our officials must tighten up.

I have discussed this matter at great length with some of the top administration officials who were at Tokyo for the recent Asian Games and I can tell you now that, if any of the competing nations had raised the question of the eligibility of the Hongkong players who participated on behalf of Taiwan, it would almost certainly have been ruled that they did not comply with the rules laid down for the Games and were therefore ineligible.

That is not a statement of my opinion but I can assure you that the whole question was exhaustively discussed in Tokyo and I understand that the Hongkong official was actually approached to raise a protest but that he refused to do so . . . on the grounds that any such protest must essentially come from the Hongkong Football Association.

#### Domiciliary Clause

There is a domiciliary clause in connection with representation in the Asian Games and not a single Taiwan player satisfied that if the players stated their desire to represent that territory then they should be advised by the appropriate committee of the games that they must go and live in the country for the appropriate qualifying period which incidentally is five years.

I repeat once again that I have absolutely nothing against the players concerned and I think it is right they should be able to exercise their freedom in this question of representation. I am sure that the HONGKONG FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION will be able to provide the necessary facilities for them.

#### Famous Sports Personalities I Have Met

Cyril Washbrook

By Archie Quick

A distinguished cricket career is drawing to a close. Rising forty-four, Lancashire's Cyril Washbrook realises that it is nearly time to call it a day. Still a technically correct bat, a recent series of low scores has forced upon him the conclusion that the high standard he once set himself is not now consistently attainable.

It was appropriate that I should see him but against Sussex at Hove, for it was against that county he made his first-class debut in 1933 with a 40 in the second innings at Old Trafford. Only 19, he got his first century in his next match—against Surrey.

The time came for his initial Test appearance in 1937, and then, inevitably, he and Hutton became the rightful successors to Hobbs and Sutcliffe. Sir Jack, by the way, was at Hove this week to see Cyril Washbrook, too, became heir to Hobbs' cover-point position, and has been brilliant there for over two decades.

#### NEVER COACHED

Washbrook was a natural cricketer, and was never coached before he left his native Blackburn district to go to Old Trafford. The game was his destiny, and his unsmiling face on the field shows how deeply he takes his profession.

His £14,000 benefit (untaxed) in 1948 put in the ranks the totals raised for Hutton, Compton and Bedser, and later he became Lancashire's first professional captain.

He has also been honoured by the MCC by being elected a Test Match Selector. In that role he was placed in an invaluable position in 1956 for he was recalled to the England team against the Australians and right royally did he justify his own Committee's selection. He is, of course, still a Selector.

#### HOLDS RECORD

As a first wicket Test batsman he and Hutton put on 359 against South Africa at Johannesburg in 1948-9 and in Australia they had consecutive Test innings of 139, 137 and 100, followed by 159 and 129 at Leeds in the next series.

He also holds the first wicket record against the West Indies—with Reg Simpson—of 212 at Nottingham.

He and Winston Place put on 359 unbroken for Lancashire against Sussex at Manchester in 1947, and in his 75 first class centuries he has hit two each against Australia, the West Indies and the Gentlemen, and one against South Africa.

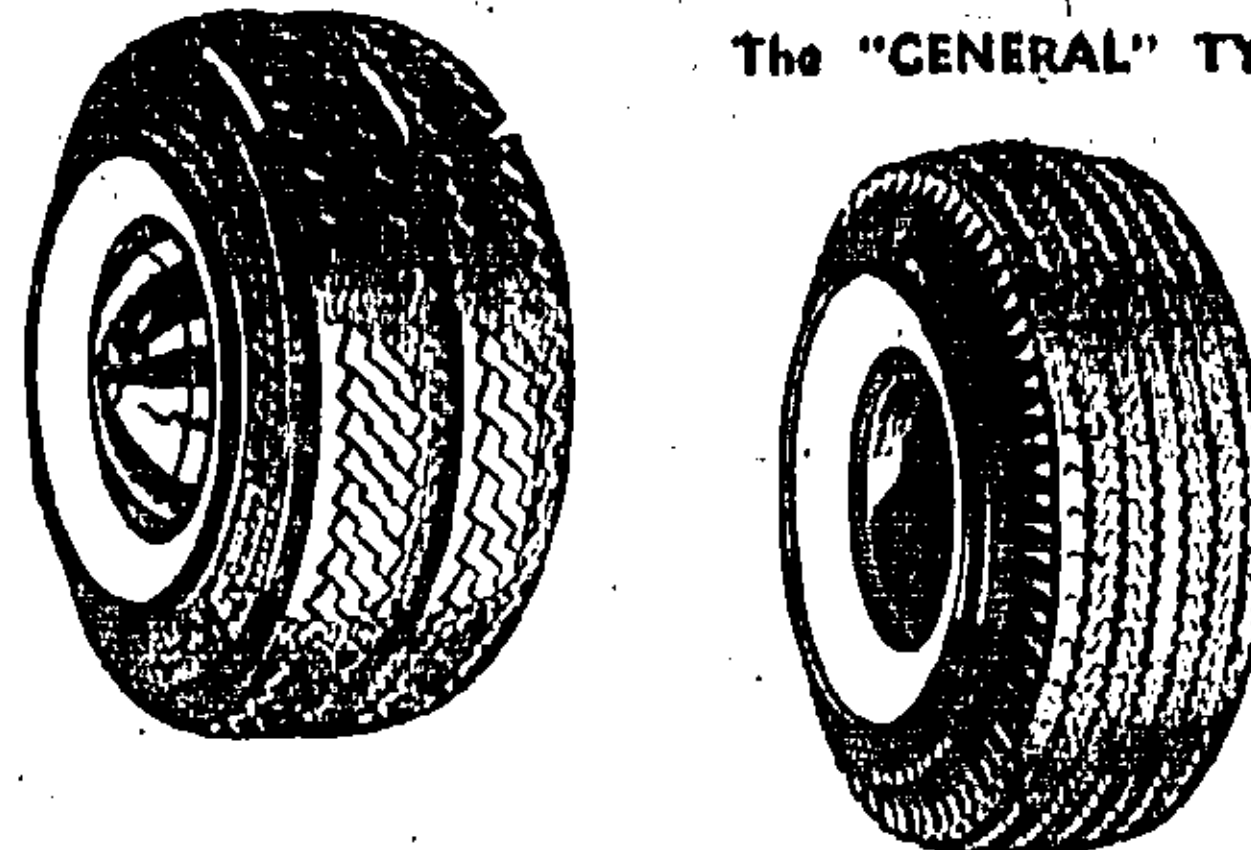
Of his 32,000 runs 2,570 were scored in Tests and he has reached 1,000 in a season on 19 occasions.

Now the sands are running out, but he has earned himself a place in the game's Hall of Fame since he left the Clitheroe and Bridgnorth Grammar Schools.

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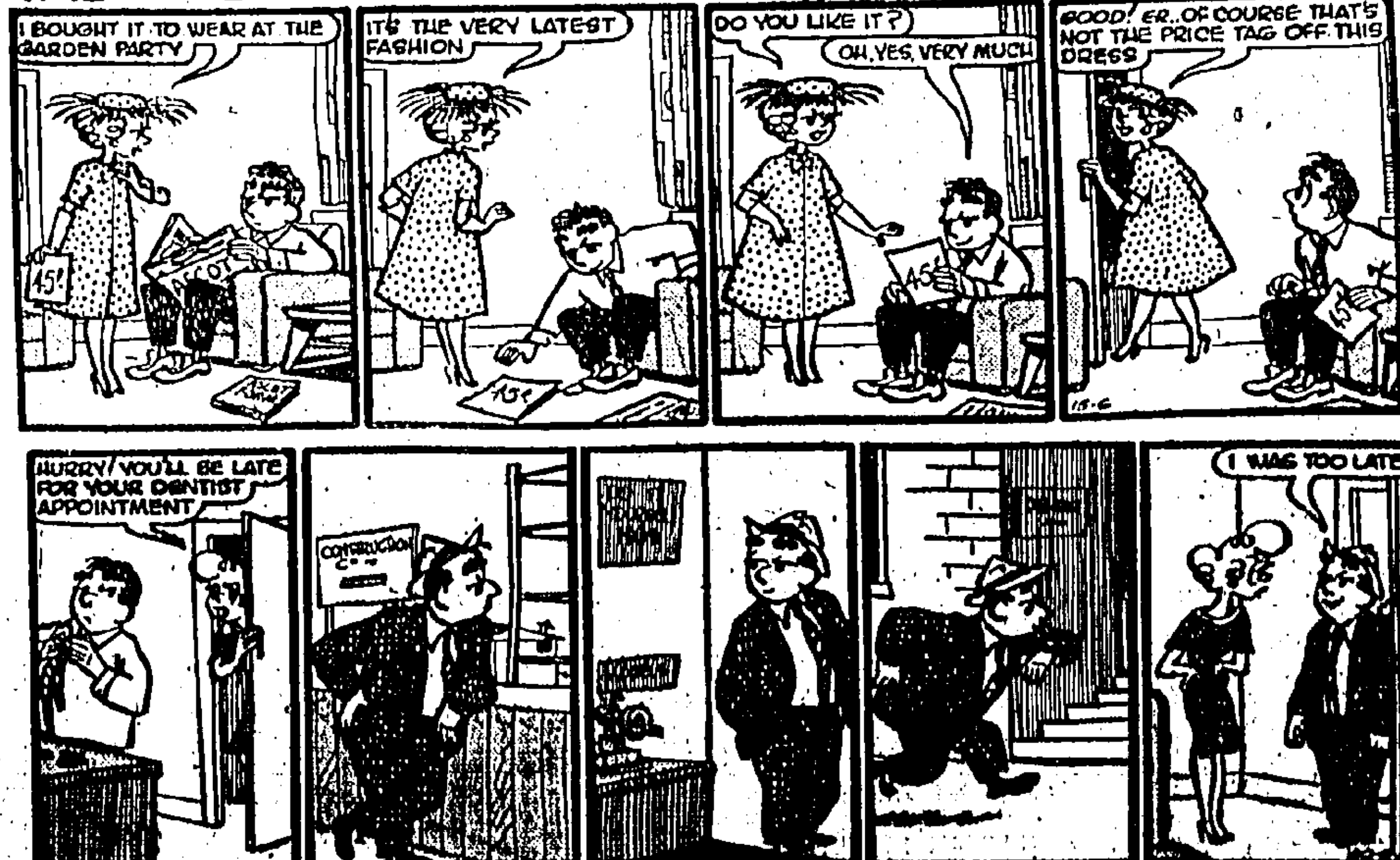
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## Cyprus Turks Tone Down

### BADMINTON Siamese Ace Downs Dane

Penang, June 20. Charoen Wattanasin of Siam today scored a sensational 15-11, 15-9 victory over Fin Kobbero, the Danish ace to advance to the men's singles quarter-final of the Malayan Open International Badminton Championships.

Charoen used smash and drop tactics with telling effect against Kobbero whose movements were restricted by foot trouble.

Half an hour after this game, Thanoo, the Siamese national champion, followed his teammate into the quarter-final beating Ong Teck Heek and Ong Poo Lim 15-5, 15-7.

Other men's singles results were:

Charoen Wattanasin later entered the men's singles semi-final beating Abdullah Piruz of Malaya 15-7, 15-9. He will meet Jim Poole of America, who beat E. Kam Hong 15-10, 15-6, tonight.

Charoen and Kamol qualified for the men's doubles semi-final beating Oei Teck Heek and Ong Poo Lim 15-5, 15-7.

The other pair is Kops and Nielsen, who beat Tanoo and Pride 15-10, 15-7. — France Presse.

### RESPONSE TO GOVERNOR FOOT'S APPEAL

Nicosia, June 20. The Turkish Government has agreed to tone down its inflammatory broadcasts to Cyprus, it was authoritatively learned tonight.

Agreement on this came after the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, appealed to both Greek and Turkish Cypriots to give serious consideration to the British Government's new seven-year peace plan for the strategic island in the Eastern Mediterranean.

The Prime Minister Mr. Harold Macmillan sent a similar appeal to the Greek and Turkish governments.

Well-informed sources said that the radio agreement would help greatly in calming down the island's 92,000 Turks, who rioted again today in Limassol after a Turkish poultry dealer had been shot and critically wounded.

Turks stoned a crowd of Greeks fleeing the Turkish mobs.

### WIMBLEDON 2nd SEEDS BEATEN IN DOUBLES

London, June 20. Gardnar Mulloy and Budge Patty, second-seeded for the Wimbledon doubles, were beaten by the Indian team of R. Krishnan and Naresh Kumar in the quarter finals of the Queen's Club championships today.

It was not so much the fact that Krishnan and Kumar won, but the manner in which the win was accomplished that was surprising, for the Americans were beaten in two straight sets, 7-5, 6-4.

The Indians combined much better than their opponents and, serving and volleying with power and precision, scored a great win.

Owing to interruptions by rain during the week, Krishnan and Kumar were called upon to play the semi-final soon afterwards.

### NOW THEY COMPILE A COLOUR BAR BLACKLIST

Birmingham, June 20. Coloured people living in this city are planning to visit hotels and boarding-houses to compile a "blacklist" of places where they allege owners are operating a colour bar.

Results of their investigations will be sent to the Birmingham Corporation and, if necessary, they will demand action against offenders.

Dr. C. J. Pillos, who is coloured and President of the local African National Council, said "We could turn Birmingham into another Little Rock."

He alleged that coloured people were having great difficulty in obtaining accommodation.

Dr. Pillos continued: "Often rooms are booked in advance, but when they arrive and the hotels find they are coloured they are turned away."

Meanwhile, a meeting of the local Unemployment Committee was told that it was becoming increasingly difficult to get coloured workers new jobs in the English Midlands.

Mr. A. C. Cox, Secretary of the Committee, said that the proportion of coloured people to white signing the unemployment register on a long-term basis was one in three. — China Mail Special.

### Kandy Curfew Lifted

Colombo, June 20. Ceylon's Premier, Solomon Bandaranaike today agreed to lift the curfew at Kandy for ten days, from tomorrow, to allow the historic Buddhist "Perahera" elephant pageant to take place as usual this year in spite of the five weeks old state of emergency. — France-Presse.

### Pacific Record

Omigawa, June 20. A French naval bathyscope set a new diving record today when it reached a depth of 9,840 feet. The previous record was 4,501 feet for the Pacific Ocean. — U. P. I.

### Vulcan's Record

London, June 20. A RAF delta-wing Vulcan jet bomber set a new speed record by flying from Ottawa to London in five hours, 21 minutes. The Air Ministry said average speed was 625.2 mph. — France-Presse.

### REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. — Morning Melody: 11.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 12.30, "Three Men On A Horse"; 1.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 2.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 3.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 4.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 5.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 6.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 7.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 8.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 9.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 10.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 11.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 12.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 1.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 2.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 3.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 4.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 5.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 6.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 7.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 8.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 9.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 10.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 11.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 12.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 1.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 2.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 3.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 4.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 5.30, "The Great Gildersleeve"; 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